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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE
PELICAN PAPERS.

BY

James Watson Gerard. ✓
A. PELICAN, Esq.

NEW YORK:
F. B. PATTERSON, PUBLISHER.

1879.



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Printed by
Kilbourne Tompkins,
79 Cedar St., N.Y.

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THE CRY OF THE PELICAN.

The extent of human folly tends to conceal its existence. This seems paradoxical, but that does not seem folly which is judged by fools, and fools are the great majority.

With philosophic study of the workings of the human *animalitutum*, there ever comes not only wonder at its folly, but at its vanity, its pretention, its incongruous action, its conventional absurdities.

A fool, in the philosophic sense, each has been or is, and a complete graduation from the ranks is rare.

Folly is natural or conventional—the one class springs from ignorance, the other from association. One worships the idols of the race, the other those of the *agora* or market place.

The natural fool cares not; he remains ignorant of his status; he worships with colored eyes; if possibly reformed, there will be comfort in self-comparison.

To the conventional fool there is positive complacency in his folly; for he and those with him are in an acting majority. A majority over the wise makes Folly and its worshippers lawful, normal and respectable—*qualis grex talis rex*. Hence, although Nature may be lovely, Fashion makes art and artifice more so; Custom will prevail even if it bringeth evil or death. Through the distorting glass of conventionality, vice

may become seemly, folly wise, virtue ridiculous ; wrong will have a double face, and human life though a bubble tossed about, the sport of impish fancies, prejudices and chimeras, will seem guided by the breath of Wisdom and Truth.

"Wisdom crieth, rarely one heedeth," saith a reformed fool. Some thinker, mayhap, may pause and survey the grinning throng, and microscope and classify its idiot life ; and exhibit it, with but little profit.

The angels laugh or weep, but the crazy panorama goes on. The motley battalions rush on and jostle each other along Time's pathway, varied in guise and mien—in spirit homogeneous.

The history of peoples and of races repeats itself, because human character repeats itself. Time makes no permanent moral change ; Experience no continuous improvement.

The dark ages revolve, dictators and mobs alternate—nation after nation, with a like history, blossoms and ripens and rots ; the cry for blood was as loud at Paris as erst at Rome ; there are still Neros to fiddle amid the flames ; folly will still dissolve pearls and conquer conquerors : and cheats and deluders will beguile as of old ; and the old dreams will be dreamed.

Schools, theories, modes, prejudices, fallacies, live, die and revive in an endless chain, and Folly's bells ever jingle.

From the fact of man's long existence in a social state, it might well be supposed that the teachings of experience would so have accumulated wisdom, that mutual intercourse would so have developed reason

and propagated knowledge, that the necessity of reform, at this day, should have almost ceased.

But such is the proneness of reason to stray and relapse, so dark and numerous are the caves where ignorance hides, so uncertain is the light of truth amid ever-forming clouds of error, so stagnant the healing waters unless the angel be ever near, that errors and wrongs followed by revolution and reform seem not matters of mere local or occasional occurrence but facts moving in cycles, establishing principles of social philosophy.

One class of folly and its reform is but the antetype of another to take its place, on the theatre of time, ever changing but recurring.

Nor is mere dull ignorance alone the cause of error. Abnormal conditions are produced in temperaments of activity as in those of sloth; eccentric mental growths arise as well from intellects of fire as of those of clay; the flights of cultured speculative thought may be as insensate as the vagaries of ignorance, or the blows struck by prejudice or blind error.

In matters of religion civil polity and social life, reformatory movement is still a human necessity for human happiness.

Woe, however, to the reformer!—If a Sampson, he falls with the temple.

Socrates was a reformatory genius. He battled folly daily; in time the good seeds he sowed reaped a harvest; we partake of it now, but the “folly” of the day doomed him to death. “So pious a man,” says Xenophon, “that he did nothing without the advice of the

gods—so just that he never injured any one ; so completely master of himself that he never chose the agreeable instead of the good ; so discerning that he never failed to distinguish the better from the worse, in short, the best and happiest of men.”

“ Frequently have I wondered,” says he, “ by what arguments in the world, the accusers of Socrates convinced the Athenians that he was deserving of death at the hands of the State.” Xenophon did not comprehend the power and faculties of the great Goddess “ Folly.”

There is a man here, mayhap, who has grappled with truth and reason, and thinks and acts wisely and fights Folly boldly and strenuously.

His voice is drowned in the roar of Babel. He is jostled aside or made to drink hemlock.

“ Damn his preaching,” say the merry jongleurs ; “ Let him be *anathema*,” say the conventionalists ; “ He is acrazed,” say the old or new school, hugging their dogmas ; “ Away with him ! crucify him ! ” cry the social inquisitors ; “ Go up thou bald-head—Go ! ” laugh the gay boys.

My reforming friend, if you do not want to be thrown into the lion’s den or the fiery furnace, you had better bow down and worship Baal Peor with the rest—unless, perchance, you are a second Daniel or are fire-proof.

Custom will ridicule you ; mediocrity will curse you ; ignorance will hoot at you ; the army of noodles will bite their thumbs at you ; conventionalism will crush you ; you will kick vainly against the pricks ; and your protests will be cited as instances of

mental aberration. The cry will be let him go to Corcyra; all this will happen, mind you, unless you are a mental and social conformist even in trifles, and become a votary of the jingling goddess.

Where is Truth? however, "says the inquirer." How find the standard? What the road and the process of discovery? Even revelation from the fountain head is mystical and mythical.

The best way, perhaps, is to grope for it; if you do not find it in one dark place, try another—anything but stagnation.

The changing vagaries, the discordant opinions, the continuous errors of mankind are the strongest proofs of the existence of a controlling elementary power based upon everlasting foundations.

The glimmerings had of truth and justice, man's general consciousness of such things and their occasional self assertion and triumph when all else is abortive, testify to them as fundamental and as based on a divine order.

That Truth must exist somewhere in all things, after their kind, is self-evident.

She is a difficult prize for mortals to catch, however; and, often, when nearly overcome, like Daphne springs into a new shape and eludes.

Often when caught, as we think, we find it is ugly. Ignorance in a mask, or mischievous Folly, or a fair dream that dissolves into mist.

Often she hides in dim recesses and shines with a glimmer that leads on an endless dance. Often, when found, she is shut in dungeons or tortured in inquisitions

or her mouth is closed by the Giants, Prejudice and Crime.

The search after cosmical truth from the early ages down, exemplifies the vagaries of error and the persistence of ignorance. The reaching after the Celestial has even been more discordant.

The history of both philosophic and theologic thought and teaching exhibits impressively the blunderings, contentions, and changes of human dogmatism.

The early philosophic world groped in primeval intellectual darkness, battling with chimeras born from every brain, and struggling for defined form from a mass of protean and chaotic shapes. The wonders of nature, as has been well said, served not as lights of interpretation, but as *igni fatui* leading each observer into his own intellectual bog; where plunging deeper and deeper, he remained in the morbid isolation of self-satisfied and self-created error.

The great problems of being were by one solved through the medium of proportion of numbers. "Number is the essence and substance of all things; Number is the mean between the immediate sensuous intention and pure thought," shouted the Pythagorean from his lurid fen.

"There is no division of space and time," shouted back defiantly the Eleatic, "but all thought and life consists in pure being, unalterable and immeasurable; all being is pure abstraction and ignotion of matter and sensation."

Another branch of Eleatics belabored their adversaries with "sensations," and the "atomic theory;"

while Metrodorus, of Chios, folded his arms in a gloomy profundity of skepticism, and muttered continually, "I do not even know that I know nothing."

"The true elementary principle of nature and life is water," cried one of the Ionic philosophers. "You lie, it is air!" cries another; "air is the breath of life and the soul of all things, the great motor and primeval regulator."

"Movement," cries Theraclitus from his bog, "and fire, the eternal energy of things; that is the union of the being and the non-being; or the *becoming*, is the universal law, and will account for all!"

"This movement of things is generated and supplied by the two moral forces of love and hate in the universe," taught Empedocles.

"No," cries Democritus, "it is unconscious necessity."

"Mind, mind!" cries Anaximenes from his den, getting a glimpse of the ideal, "is the true primal casualty or *motor*! This is the great first impulse; ' but as to where lodged or how continued, Anaximenes was inexplicit.

"You fools," cried the Sophist, wielding the sword of gladiatorial dialectics, "there is no principle of thought; the modifications of the human mind exclude all possibility of certain knowledge."

Then march along Socrates and his disciples, and semi-disciples; Plato with his doctrine of absolute ideas; Aristotle with his sublimation of "form" and "matter"—the battling of the Stoic and the Epicurean—the sneers of Pyrrho and his Sceptics—the

mysticism of the new Platonists and the Nominalism and Realism of the Scholastics.

Modern Philosophy follows as wild and erratic as her elder sister, and the brain reels as it tries to unwind the labyrinthian thought of Descartes, Malebranche, Spinoza, Locke, Liebnitz, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and the rest of the dreamers and *illuminati*.

Spirit and Matter are contending Titans in the philosophic brain; sometimes matter is as potter's clay in the hands of a superhuman motor spirit. And again, the adverse thinkers are deifying the atom and apotheosizing the clod. At one time man is but dust and clay, at another, he is the god that has crawled out of primeval mud; and although the unintended product of molecular forces, his humanity dominates in earth and sky.

The theological variation of the various sects even of Christian belief, that have been and are, astonish, confound and confuse us. Not only of those of barbarians and semi-barbarians, but among the enlightened. These sects and dogmatists mutually accuse, denounce, rail at and kill each other. Belief has been and is still at times enforced by the axe, the stake and the thumb-screw.

Looking back from apostolic time, the schisms and sects have followed in a continuous and turbid stream.

The Gnostics with their *æons* and *demi-urge*, the Mainchaems with their dualism and paraclete.

The doctrines of Sabellius with his one essence, balanced by Arius and his triple division.

The doctrine of the "*Omoousios*" affirmed as a

fundamental truth under Constantine, and repudiated, and the "*Omoiousios*" upheld under Valens.

The "double incarnate nature," of the Nestorians upheld as an article of faith by the council at Selucia, and overthrown by the Eutychians at the council of Ephesus.

The Pelagians with their innate goodness of man, condemned as a heresy by the councils of Carthage and Ephesus, and upheld as true doctrine by the council of Diosipolis.

Cassian and his followers denying the necessity of "inward preventing grace," and his opponents upholding that it was a *sine qua non*.

The Iconolatrae or image worshippers on one side, and the image breakers on the other, discussing the matter in blood.

Arminius and his free will thinkers on one side, and the Gomarists and Superlapsarians on the other. Calvin's grim doctrine of predestination, and Luther's of the action of the will.

The great schism of the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son, as with the Latin, or without Him, as with the Greek.

The theories of transubstantiation, consubstantiation or symbolism of the Eucharist as upheld by this or that sect with fire and axe.

The divine prerogative of kings or the higher prerogative of the Pope; the Socinians and the Trinitarians; the broad church and the narrow church; the phantasies of the Swedenborgian and the self-inspiration of the Quaker; and the theories and the counter-

theories of Methodist, Baptist, Universalist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Romanist on faith, doctrine, discipline, and hierarchy.

The Pagans, when they had the upper hand, slaughtered Christian and Jew; the Jews, when they had the chance, persecuted Christians; and Christians in their turn persecuted Jews, and then persecuted each other. The orthodoxy of the moment burned schismatics, and schismatics heretics, and heretics deists, and deists atheists. Ecclesiarch opposed Heresiarch, and both of them used as arguments steel and fire against each other and their mutual opponents.

The sacredness of human life, all liberty of body and spirit, were put at the mercy of the imaginings of the day and hour.

The great cardinal virtues seemed lost in the maniacal excesses of metaphysics and sectarian jealousy. The very foundations of religion were sapped in the devilish spirit that sought to sustain it; the Christian Dove of the first century expanded into a Vulture!

That arch villain, Henry VIII., whilom termed *Defensor Ecclesiæ*, repudiated Rome for a woman's smile, and *that* made the English Reformation. He is a shining commentary on the *divine right* of Kings, and his career affords a strong argument that they should be always at the head of the Church!

For the first twenty years of his reign the Tower was filled with Protestants, for the next ten with Papists, and for the remainder the Reformers bowed beneath the arch of the "Bloody Tower."

With all the above various classes Folly assumes a

serious garb and name, and changes her bells and trinkets, for axes and fagots and crosiers, the garb of the philosopher, the crown of the monarch, the triple tiara, the cowl of the priest, the gown of the zealot.

She calls herself faith or zeal. Shunning the investigation of truth, glorying in dogmatism, she it was that raised the cross on Calvary, lighted the fagots of Nero, and let loose the tigers of Diocletian ; in another place she rolls the car of Juggernaut, burns the widow at the pyre, and sacrifices the slave to the manes of the master.

She held the poison cup to Socrates, and chained Luther and Galileo ; she led Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer to their doom at London, Servetus at Geneva, and Savonarola at Florence ; she persecuted the Lollards in the 15th, and the Huguenots in the 16th century ; hung the witches at Salem, and the Quakers at Boston. She it is that shackles Truth and feeds Falsehood, upholds crime and aids oppression, that from dread of change persists in error ; that would rather stagnate and petrify in the rock than seek Truth and soar with her to celestial spheres.

Folly's part is as a general thing less bloody, now, to the eye—but she is with us still in manifold shapes, some of them terrible, some mischievous, some merely absurd.

What wonder is it that the Pelican has cried, and still cries in the wilderness as his eye travels over the arid wastes.

I avail myself of the privilege, which I have as a human being, to raise my voice even like a Pelican in the wilderness, and give utterance to some few discursive sounds.

LICENSED THROAT-CUTTING.

Observe that ant hill! Those creatures have, by nature, a limited span of life—and man and beast unite to destroy them.

Yet, after erecting their habitations with a marvellous labor and skill do they, by rending each other, seek to abbreviate their natural span, and anticipate the ravages of man and beast. *Contemplating our ant hill*, as might some angel from a far-off eyrie; or, indeed, our “man in the moon,” “I see,” he muses, “beings constructed with an intricate and harmonious machinery of existence, on the well-being of which depends their condition physical and mental; I see them gifted with reasoning power, with kindly sympathies, with apprehensive faculties for distinguishing good and evil, and a strong instinct of self-preservation; I see them striving, and working, unceasingly, to prolong and beatify their existence, amid the various risks and in the varied conditions where they are placed. I see them comforting, aiding, soothing, and nourishing, each other, seeking to protect each other from pain, from injury, from disease and death; and yet, either singly or in large numbers; they never cease to rend, to maim—nay they seek utterly to destroy each other.” “How incongruous! how illogical! how absurd!” would naturally exclaim the observer aforesaid.

The great standing miracle of nature is *human life*. Life—whether donated to Man originally, as a dominant and perfected *genus*, or whether it has crawled out of an amorphous protoplasm, through numerous evolutions into his present perfected frame-work, is a wonderful and awful condition. A mysterious spark binds together the great confederation of soul, and body—it binds action, motion, thought; it keeps from decay what is without it perishable. Without it the body falls a clod; the soul escapes and returns to the *animus mundi*.—Whence it comes, is a mystery, whence it goes is a mystery, how it acts is a mystery beyond the human fathom line.—Once gone there is finality to the senses, observation ceases and science is dumb.

How this life is coddled, and nursed, and watched, and guarded, and treasured, in and by itself and by others! What apprehensions for its safety.—What grief when it trembles in the socket; what despair and desolation when it goes out, even naturally, under the general doom!

There are schools and colleges set apart to instruct those who will be specially skilled to preserve it. There will be learned leeches and anatomists to devise theories and practices therefor.

There is an army of them, from Hippocrates and Galenus down. They will study and ponder and reason together how to keep off the grim reaper; how to comfort, to heal, to sooth, to assuage. Chemistry, Botany, Microscopy, Astrology, the true and the false sciences and the hand maid arts are called in. The bowels of the earth, the dim recesses of the sea, the

secret haunts of nature will be ransacked for remedies, for palliatives, for detergents, for panaceas and placebos.

Ingenious men will invent, and skillful men will make instruments of divers shape and device to assist in the preservation.

There will be a ceaseless fight with the remorseless forces of nature, with the insidious germ-cell, with the poisonous miasma, with the thunder-cloud, the whirlwind, the earthquake; with the powers of fire, and air, and water. There will be war with the lower creation. A war to destroy them that may be hurtful—a war to seize those that may nourish.

Men and women will dig, and plough, and reap, and spin to sustain, to foster, pamper, and preserve this mysterious thing, so precious, so cherished, so fragile, and so fleeting. There will be also invocation, precaution, and deprecation made to gods, and idols, and saints and demons—each for its time; to Esculapius and Hygeia; to the sole God and to the multiform divinity; to Indra, to Isis, and to Elohim; to Vishnu the preserver, and to Siva the destroyer. There will be prayers offered, sacrifices made, wheels turned, and beads told, to spirits of good, and spirits of evil, to Ormuzd, and to Ahriman, to the left eye tooth of Buddah, to the blood of St. Januarius, to Diana of Ephesus, to our lady of Lourdes or Loretto, and even to Abaddon, the devil;—all this to ward off the blow and preserve the spark.

And yet, *per contra*,—mark me now the contrasting folly—and yet, there are untold thousands studying art and science for the destruction of this same vital spark;

how most quickly, effectually, and extensively, to make the great severance. There are the fabricators of swords, and daggers, and guns; the casters of multi-form cannon, and the makers of compounds and engines of varied kinds for destruction; the builders of vessels of war and forts and terrible machines for sudden and wide spread slaughter.

The herdsman will leave his flock, the husbandman the field, the artisan his useful toil, to learn the art of slaying his fellows with whom he hath no quarrel. Good and wise men will lead and teach them how best to slaughter—men that are gentle of spirit and otherwise, mayhap, philanthropical. Books will be written, pious men will pray, geniuses will think and study and plot, how best to do it. Opposing hosts of aggregate humanity will be massed, and reap each other down like grain.

They will cut, stab, and shoot, to the death; the music will sound, the flags will wave, heads and limbs will fly off, blood will saturate the earth. Heroes will be crowned and beauty will smile. The great Moloch of war will cry ha! ha! ever insatiate.—And so the devilish game from age to age goes on. To what end, ponders the philosophic observer, with a broad vision that ranges humanity, what is the controlling motive of all this *diablerie*, this licensed throat-cutting.

Sometimes, self-defence is urged, sometimes protection of the oppressed. Good reasons enough, when not pretenses, but only good reason on the one side; and yet not good reasons in the philosophic light. The dominant causes, the *causæ causantes*, will be found to

be ambition, greed, fear, blood-thirstiness, jealousy.

These will often put on masks and call themselves by the names of "national honor," or "national interest," or "patriotism," and clamor loudly under those names. "The balance of power must be kept up," say the old state grandees, wagging their heads.—"Utopia is getting too pretentious," mumbles another. "We must turn the mind of the people by a popular war," says the sagacious plotter, the future despot.—"We are getting rusty," says invalided Field-marshal Blunder. "The nation pants for glory," murmurs the young duke in his opening speech amid surrounding cheers. "If we do not take sides in this matter our *prestige* is gone forever," harangues a budding statesman, talking for the newspapers.

"Good G——!" is the American eagle, or the British lion, or the Gallic cock, or the Russian bear, or the Northern vulture, or the Southern jackal, or the German spatch-cock, or whatever the national bird or beast may be, "to be bullied in this way?" stammer the ancient *Illuminati*, over their wine at the clubs.—Sometimes they blunder into it.

A certain king, it is said, sent to another king, saying: "send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—" The other, in high dudgeon at the presumed insult, replied: "I have not got one and if I had—" On this weighty cause they went to war for many years.

After a satiety of glories and miseries they finally bethought them that, as their armies and resources were exhausted and their kingdoms mutually laid waste, it might be well enough to consult about the prelim-

inaries of peace; but before this could be concluded, a diplomatic explanation was first needed of the insulting language which formed the ground of the quarrel. "What could you mean," asked the second king of the first, "by saying 'send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—?' " "Why," said the first, "I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else some other color; but," retorted he, "what could you mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had—?' " "Why, of course, if I had, I should have sent it;" an explanation which was entirely satisfactory, and peace was concluded accordingly.

Swift, the satirical observer, has painted this business. "Sometime the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions where neither of them pretend to any right; sometimes one prince quarrels with another for fear the other should quarrel with him; sometimes a war is entered upon because the enemy is too strong; and sometimes because he is weak; sometimes our neighbors want the things which we have, or have the things which we want, and we both fight till they have ours or give us theirs."

"If a prince sends forces into a nation where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death and make slaves of the rest in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honorable, and frequent practice where one prince requires the assistance of another to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant when he has driven out the invader should

seize on the dominions himself and kill, imprison or banish the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood or marriage is a frequent cause of war between princes and the nearer the kindred is, the greater the disposition to quarrel; poor nations are hungry and rich nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance."

"For these reasons the trade of a soldier is held the most honorable of all others, because a soldier is a Yahoo hired to kill, in cold blood, as many of his own species who have never offended him as he possibly can."

When the war hue and cry has been started, the press, perhaps paid for it, develop the idea and fan the flame. Young Witherum has done it for a dollar a column. Meetings are instigated by speculators in guns, powder, and grain, and soon there is a "popular" war! That means, analyzed into its products, maiming, crippling, deformity, sickness, misery, death, poverty, mourning, and individual and general demoralization. Now the above specified propagators of this business are not the fighters; they are non-combatants—they are merely the promovents and motors; they send off the victims; they get their glory by proxy. "The soldiers fight but the kings are heroes," says the Talmud. "The hapless soldiers sigh runs, in blood, down palace walls," says another. At their hearths, clubs and bureaus the directors read complacently such dispatches as these. What matter if they sicken the heart and curdle the blood of the inferior instruments and their kin?

Putine, January 2d.

"Yesterday between three and four thousand prisoners passed through here with a guard. They were the personification of abject misery, badly clothed, and nearly fifty per centum suffering from frost bite. Great numbers fell out on the way and laid down in the snow and died, and the dogs and hogs are now eating them, as I have seen with my own eyes.

"The guards, who are well clothed, and, of course, more regularly fed than the wretched prisoners, treat them with great harshness.

"I have seen them beating the poor creatures for no other reason than that they could not march further, and nearly all who had money complain of having been robbed by their escort.

"An attack on T——, simultaneously with the capture of D—— on the 24th ult., was repulsed with the loss of a thousand men.

"The loss at D—— was three thousand men. Every brigade and regimental commander was killed or wounded; and as nearly all the officers of the guards are personally known at headquarters, the fact that two hundred officers have been placed *hors de combat* has cast a deep gloom over the members of the staff."

"THE WAR."

"On Monday, the 24th, the great fortress of —— was stormed after a three months' seige. The enemy precipitately fled down the northern slope. Our losses are

great, that of the enemy was near 10,000. The villages were filled with the refugees from the plains within a circuit of ten miles; many in a dying condition from famine and exposure."

"Upwards of 5,000 bodies were buried in great pits to prevent pestilence, half of whom were women and children."

"Every village from here to the Garascha is deserted. Most of them have been burnt and the crops destroyed. Our cavalry have done their duty nobly in raiding and devastating the country between the two rivers. Yesterday we buried Field Marshal Redsbloodt, and three of his staff; the hospitals are full of our wounded; the enemy's wounded have been turned into the market place where they are dying like sheep. The weather continues severe."

"Prince Max, and Prince Tax, have arrived to-day. They have issued congratulatory orders to our troops, and decorated General Petard, with the order of the Iron Jaw. The straggling army of the enemy is now in retreat over the Nemnems. Their path in the snow of the pass is marked with blood and strewn with the wounded and dead."

"General Houndt is following them briskly, and three villages have been sacked: the women and children and old men were massacred except some who escaped to the mountains, which are still covered with snow."

A wag has thus written of the battle of Bunker Hill, looking down, philosophically, from the monument there.

“ Does a war ever punish the guilty?

“ Did the American soldiers on the day of Bunker Hill punish men who had instigated the war? No; except indirectly or slightly; but they punished a thousand ignorant and comparatively guiltless soldiers. Many of them had been conscripted or enticed into the army by false promises, but when once there they were compelled to do their master's cruel work, even though it were to kill their own fathers or brothers. On the day referred to, some of them were driven to attack the Americans at the point of the sword in the hands of the officers. These are the men whom the Americans punished, and over whose wounds and death they have exulted for a century, and built a monument to commemorate the event—men who, by becoming soldiers, became slaves or the mere tools of their masters, and fought our countrymen, not because they bore them any special ill will, but because they were forced to do it.”

“ But these soldiers were not the only ones whom they punished, though they still failed to reach those who deserved it. The 1,000 dead or wounded soldiers who suffered at Bunker Hill were connected with 1,000 homes and families across the water, into which the tidings of that bloody June day carried sorrow and mourning.”

“ There were wives in those families who had been made widows, and children who had been orphaned. There were parents whose only sons, the hope of their declining years, had been sacrificed on the battle field. And while there was mourning in a thousand cottages, king, ministers and members of parliament were person-

ally unharmed and planning for still greater sacrifices of victims to Moloch. We ask again, who had the Americans punished?"

The *Pall Mall Gazette* published a letter written to "My dear, good mother," by a soldier of the Archduke Joseph's regiment of infantry, printed in the "Pesther Lloyd:" "Following in pursuit of the enemy" (after the battle at Glasinatz), "we arrived at a large isolated house. We broke open the door and rushed in. Inside we found two men and a number of women; continuing our search we discovered two muskets; this sufficed for us to at once cut down the men. Our lieutenant then gave us permission to plunder. I, for my part, at once looked about for gold and silver ornaments, and succeeded in finding some gold and silver coins, as well as some paper money. In one room of the house a large amount of linen, skins, furs, &c., were piled up, and every one helped himself to what he liked best."

"I took some silk handkerchiefs, four red caps, twenty eggs, bread, and a pound or two of butter. All the women had run together in one room, We found them out, and as we were curious to see what Turkish women were like we tore the veils off their faces. As I was searching about the house I saw some of the Hungarian soldiers cleverly pulling the rings off the fingers and the ornaments out of the ears of the women. Some of them, also, tore the bodices off the women because they were richly embroidered with gold. After we had wrecked the house we were going to set it on fire, but we did not, because somebody said that we had better

leave it for *our comrades following us to finish plundering it*. A second house we came to soon afterward, we treated in the same way."

The above humorous letter was written by a waggish Austrian soldier who was with a corps taking peaceable occupation of Bosnia under the terms of a general European treaty; *peaceable*, mind you, for the war was finished; this illustrates another phase of this business.

It is a curious commentary on this advanced age that he who has the highest honor, the most conspicuous and elevated position in any land, be it barbarian or civilized, is he who has been the most successful slayer of his fellow men.

The great general far outranks the great humanitarian. The phosphorescent emanations from slaughtered humanity arise and make a *halo* about his head. Let him cut a throat without a license and he is hung; let him cut them *ad libitum* with a license, signed mayhap by a half-witted fellow in power, and he is a hero—he glitters through the pages of history; he is asked to take the reins of state. He has honor, glory, power!

Little Flavus was the youngest child and only boy of intellectual and moral parents. He was lovely in character, disposition and body; his blue eyes sparkled with joy and life, his cheeks were rosy with health and his blonde hair curled about his delicious little face and head, making a bright frame-work to a lovely picture. He loved every body and every body loved him—he grew up just the same, boy, youth and young man, gentle, kind, loving, deferential, sympathetic. His mother's eyes filled with proud tears as she gazed on

him ; and thanked God for the boon. The father gave most of his life, and care, and thought to him. Flavus bore his honored name and would still honor it ; he would be great as well as good. He was trained and educated with an ever-watchful care. Two sisters looked to Flavus as their ideal. A gentle being of a neighboring family had received Flavus' preference, and blessed the future as a coming life.

Flavus was put into the army ; Flavus must needs be a young man of figure like the rest. The world and his social position required it. He had no great taste for guns and swords ; he was fond of books, his mind was reflective, his tastes were studious, his feelings were against force and outrage, his motives philanthropic, his heart was sympathetic with distress and sorrow. Flavus became a lieutenant, then a captain ; he moved about for a time in a uniform, with a listless feeling, hoping in time to shake off the listlessness or the uniform.

The war broke out. The occasion was obscure—the reason not obvious—the justice doubtful. A writer of the time deprecating it, spoke of it thus : “The blind fanaticism which calls evil good and good evil, and which includes something besides self in the scope of its desire, is less ignoble than the cynical indifference which accepts war and all its honors without watching or caring how lie the weights in the scale of justice.”

But the war feeling grew. The ministers wanted to be popular and led the clamor. And so the army marched away, amid the waving of flags and handkerchiefs, and the salutes of guns. There were more smiles than tears, and little children and big

children clapped their hands at the show. Major General and Field Marshal Powderhorn swept by with a glittering staff—horses prancing and sabres glistening. The young officers held up their heads grandly, and tickled their coursers' sides. The big guns rumbled over the pavement. John Jones' the private's wife, marched proudly by his side with her little boy soon to be an orphan. That old reprobate, Col. McFleecer, was glad to escape from his debts, and glittered at the head of his Meniskillers in his unpaid-for uniform. Bob Shorty, the lieutenant, thought it was a splendid "job," and marched gaily between the lines, past the De Pride's house and waved his sword to Miss Julia's blue eyes as he passed at the double quick. "Left, *left*, *left*, LEFT," shouted, *crescendo*, Captain Bolster, swelling with coming glory, as he whirled his men around the corner; while, at the end of the file stood, keeping tread, Williams, the new corporal, whose young bride followed weeping on the side-walk. *Rub-a-dub*, DUB, DUB!! rolled the drum corps to the twirl of the cane of the gorgeous major. Now come the line, the rank and file of victims—thousands of bayonets flashing in the morning sun.

One man has left behind a family dependent on him; another's mother sits weeping by the hearth; another's heart swells as he thinks of one whose portrait is around his neck; another is an outcast, who goes to the war to rob and murder; another has bidden farewell to orphan sisters who wail at home in agony and who will wail louder still. They all have weapons in their hands to destroy those they have never seen,

and who are marching on a like mission. Few know the cause of the war.

At the end of the gay procession ride two tall, thin figures clad in sweeping horseman cloaks, their faces semi-muffled—one rides a white horse, the other a black. One horseman seems deadly pale—the other grim and swarthy—his black eyes gleam out from under his visor. One looks neither to the right or to the left, but moves on steadily. The one on the black horse moves restlessly, his horse prancing, his eyes seem to gaze all around and pierce everywhere.

“Who are they?” cries a young girl with a shudder, clinging to her father’s arm. “They are physicians, I think,” responds he. He was wrong; they were men of a higher rank—one was King Death, the other the Prince of Devils! As the procession swung around the corner there was a laugh louder than the roll of the tambours. *It was that of the man on the black horse!*

The scene changes. *Clang, clang—bang, bang—whack, whack—boun, boun.* “At them my hearties! pulverize them! cut them! shoot them! charge them! down with them!—the villians! the rascals!—Pick them off, sharpshooters! slash them, hussars and cuirassiers! bayonet them, grenadiers! annihilate them, bombardiers and cannoneers! Follow, follow! drive them over the mountains, down the valleys, scour the plains, wave, wave the flag, sound the trump, Victory! *Victory!*” Put it all in the papers. Your country thanks you, gentlemen, Give them all medals; promote the Captain! Give the Colonel more gold buttons, and dub the General, *Marshal!*

A correspondent from the seat of war writes that, "The sanitary commission have arrived at the scene of the late battle. They found 1,000 corpses buried two feet under the ground, frozen but not decomposed. The commission are deliberating whether to cremate the corpses or use quick lime."

Flavus was one of that 1,000. They did not even get his bones—a vulture picked them! Two stricken parents daily totter to a marble column. A young woman faded and died in early youth—she had acute sensibilities; they ate her young life like a cannibal.

But his death was glorious. "Glorious, poor fellow!" said, after dinner, over his wine, the second cousin who succeeded to the estates. This was the obituary.

In the system of the *duello* there is a gleam of reason and sense. Those that have personal acrimony or a grievance are pitted personally against the offensive or offending individual. There is no fighting by proxy there; it would be cowardice to urge it. And yet the *duello* is punished as a crime; and he that might therein slay his adversary, even unwittingly, is by law a murderer. Let him slay an adversary, intentionally, in battle, however, without any personal grievance against him, *but because he hires himself to do it*, and he is a hero justified by the law of God and man. "*Ita scripta est.*" "*Risum teneatis, amici?*"

The French laughing philosopher in his "Vision of Babouc" has well satirized the intelligence which actuates the licensed throat-cutter.

"Babouc mounted his camel and set out with his attendants. After several days journey, he met near

the plains of Senaar, the Persian army which was going to battle against the Indian army. He first spoke to a soldier whom he met marching apart from the others, and inquired of him what was the occasion of the war. 'By all the gods,' responded the soldier, 'I know nothing about it. It's none of my business. My business is to kill and be killed for a livelihood. I don't care whom I serve. I might even to-morrow go over to the Indian camp, for, it is said, that they give nearly a half a copper a day to their soldiers more than we receive in the cursed Persian service. If you want to know what we are fighting about ask the Captain.' Babouc having given a little *douceur* to the soldier, went into the camp; he soon made the acquaintance of the Captain, and asked what was the object of the war. 'How do you suppose I know,' said the Captain, 'and what do I care about such a fine subject? I live two leagues from Persepolis; I hear that war is declared; I immediately leave my family and I go to seek, according to our custom, fortune or death; particularly as I have nothing else to do.' 'But your comrades,' said Babouc, 'are they not better informed than you?' 'No,' said the Captain, 'nobody but our principal satraps know precisely why we are cutting each others throats.' "

"Babouc, being introduced to the staff, became at home with them, and one of them informed him as follows: 'The cause of this war,' said he, which has desolated India for twenty years, arises from a dispute between a eunuch of the grand king of Persia's women and a clerk in the cabinet of the grand king of the Indies. The question was about a duty which amount-

ed to about the thirtieth part of a daric. Our prime minister and the prime minister of the Indies sustained the dignity of their respective masters. The Generals got warm on either side, an army of a million of soldiers was put in the field, these armies have both annually recruited to the extent of 400,000 men. Murders, incendiarism, ruin and devastation daily increase. The whole universe suffers and the slaughter goes on. Our prime minister and he of the Indies both often protest that they are only acting for the benefit of the human race; and at each protestation there are always cities destroyed and provinces laid waste."

"Deliver me, O Lord! from they that imagine mischief in their heart; continually are they gathered together for war!"

Thus prayed good King David, and yet he received celestial assistance in his continual fights and throat-cuttings with the Canaanites, the Amalekites, the Amorites, the Perizzites, the Hittites, and the Girgashites; and this exemplary potentate on one of his excursions, "saved neither man nor woman alive." On another, he put all the people of the conquered cities of the Amorites "under saws, and under harrows of iron, and under axes of iron, and made them pass through the brick kiln." This, I confess, is puzzling!

Are we indeed as ants, and do the heavenly powers encourage licensed throat-cutting?

Now, I have no remedy for all this thing, I am not prepared to offer a substitute. High civilization requires it all, doubtless. I am looking at it not in a political, but in an anthropological sense. I only say

the whole thing is *queer*. One man wields the sword, the other the lancet. The people are taxed that the rulers may maintain a host of licensed homicides to cut other people's throats. The philosopher laughs over it—so does Mephistophiles.

Let us close this homily with a few lines from the rhyming observer, Byron :

“There shall they rot—Ambition's honored fools ;
Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay ;
Vain sophistry ! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools that tyrants cast away
By myriads, where they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what ? A dream alone,—
Can despots compass all that hails their sway ?
Or call, with truth, one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble, bone by bone ?”

TRAMPING.

Legitimate tramping has reference to moving under the blue canopy, studying nature, avoiding the jostlings of congregated humanity, and special enjoyment of the present. It involves independence, and simplicity. In itself it is harmless, and commends itself to the philosopher and poet; if general, however, the world would doubtless relapse into vagabondism.

Well, suppose the world did? would it, would the average member of the human family be any the worse?

The car of Civilization has been steadily rolling on: are not the victims crushed beneath its wheels as numerous as those who erst while fell, in barbaric time, under club and spear? Is the average human enjoyment greater? Is average family life better, so far as its health needs and desires go, in houses than in huts and tents? Was Solomon any happier than Abraham; did not his cares counterbalance his possessions; did not his very wisdom make him susceptible to new forms of discomfort; did not his very appreciation of folly make him miserable?

Is my gouty, asthmatic friend Roubles, superannuated at 50, any happier, with all his money and civilization, than "Little Wolf," the buffalo-hunting Cheyenne, of the same age, as free as an eagle, and as fresh as a boy?

Would not Jobson, with a scolding wife, harassed by creditors, and tortured by a torpid liver, willingly exchange places with Selim Ben Hadad the Arab scheik? or even with Mangas-tonto, the Comanche warrior, ranging at will over 60,000 square miles of territory and defying the civilization north and south of him?

But, says the optimist, there are, by civilization, new devices for enjoyment, new palliatives for ills, new care for the afflicted, increased developement of the intellectual and a higher culture of the moral faculties, new sensibilities aroused, new and enlarged sympathy bestowed.

"But the poison," answers the Tramp, "has come with the antidote, and your new sources of enjoyment were formerly not missed or desired because unknown. Simplicity and nature had then no craving for artifice or art; your nervous system had then no fine strings jarred by every passing touch; your sublimated ideas, your refined tastes, your keen emotions and intellectual developements, the children of civilization bring with them an increasing brood of desires, cares, anxieties, disappointments. Your new palliatives for ills have only been introduced because of new ills; your cares for the unfortunate, your sensibilities and sympathies for the distressed have only been aroused and developed because of the distress, want, and misfortune that has been produced. Your new medicaments are not blessings in view of the new evils they are invented to cure.

"Is there less blood shed amid civilization; is there less disease and hunger; is there less deformity of body;

is there less corporeal pain and suffering?—Has not civilization with its new appliances, wants and cares, increased the faculty and enlarged the extent of human suffering?”

“Has it not multiplied means of slaughter and developed facilities for spreading destruction, without checking the thirst for blood? Do not men now fight on *quibbles*, where formerly they fought to defend life or property? do not nations spill their heart's blood on abstruse questions of policy or national honor before unknown? Ethically speaking, is there less selfishness and immorality now than then? do not people grab your and my property as thoroughly and more largely by indirect processes, under cover of law and respectability, and as effectually, if not as flagrantly, as of old did the barbarian or the savage?”

“Is there more contentment since your increased means of locomotion and facilities of intercourse? Have they not produced restlessness and dissatisfaction—a continual desire to move and a want of appreciation and enjoyment of one's station and surroundings?”

“Do not the annals of your cities and settlements teem with the records of suicides;—men, who, by their self-inflicted doom have charged life with delusion and civilization with failure? Did you ever hear of a savage or barbarian committing suicide? Witness a recent case in the annals of one of our great hot-beds of civilization called cities.

It is an extract from a morning journal, and a terrible piece of realism.”

“Boarders at 500 West Twenty-second Street heard Howland Nevins walking in his room late on Monday night. They remembered that he had threatened to kill himself, and so rapped at his door. He readily admitted them, and his composed manner was disconcerting; for they hardly knew how to excuse the intrusion: but he relieved the awkwardness of the situation by saying that he was glad to see them, as probably it was for the last time. ‘He had seen all the trouble he wanted to,’ he continued calmly, ‘and was going to escape from any more, having just taken something that would put him to rest forever.’ He pointed to an empty bottle that had contained laudanum. The boarders sent for Dr. Thos. Hodges, to whom Nevins reported that he had poisoned himself. The physician tried to induce him to take an antidote. ‘No!’ he said: ‘I have made up my mind to die, and I am going to.’ He sat upon the sofa, fully dressed, and nobody but the physicians could detect the effect of the drug. An emetic and stomach-pump were suggested, but the young man firmly declined to have anything to do with either.

“‘You may watch me all you want to, doctor,’ he said, ‘but if you attempt to do anything to me I’ll order you out, and if you dont go one way you’ll go another. This is my room, and I have a right to do as I like in it; and it is only through courtesy I allow any of you gentlemen to remain. If you are curious to see a man die you can stay so long as you don’t interfere with me.’

"The boarders argued to induce him to submit to treatment; they spoke of his duty to his widowed mother, but he was unmoved. His mother, who is in feeble health, had not been called from her room, and was ignorant of what was going on. To the strongest appeals Nevins replied, 'My life is my own to do as I please with, and I propose to take it; it is no pleasure for me to live.'

"After watching beside the patient three-quarters of an hour, and being assured, both by the young man himself and by circumstantial evidence, that nearly two hours had elapsed since he had taken the poison, the physician concluded that the dose had been either too little or too big to affect him seriously, and that he would recover without assistance. So he said to Nevins, 'I guess you'll come out all right after all.'

"'I hope not,' was the reply. 'I calculated the quantity very accurately, and I shall be disappointed if I am not successful; what's the difference, anyway? there'll only be one fool less in the world. By the way, doctor, I've a notion to bequeath my body to you, and let you see if you can find any brains in my head.'

"This levity increased the impression that his condition was not so serious as had been thought. Dr. Hodges said to him, as he started to leave the room, 'If you get over this all right I wish you would come and see me, perhaps a little visit will do us both good.'

'All right, thankyou, Doctor.' Nevins said as he received the Doctor's card. 'I'd like to call around for an evening, if you've plenty of brandy and soda, but I dont believe you'll ever see me.'

"At this he arose and shook hands with the physician, who went down stairs, and would have gone from the house had not one of the men begged him to remain in the parlor for a while, until it could be seen how Nevins acted when left alone.

"Nevins walked to and fro in his room several times but maintained his quiet, determined manner until a few minutes after 2 o'clock, when he suddenly collapsed. The two ounces and a half of laudanum that he had swallowed seemed to exert their influence in an instant. Dr. Hodges was hastily recalled; he did all in his power to remove or counteract the poison; the use of the stomach-pump showed that the drug had all been absorbed from the stomach. Hyperdermic injections and other measures were resorted to; finally, the dying man was kept alive for awhile by artificial respiration; at 4.45 o'clock life was extinct."

"If that young man had been a nature-loving, wandering tramp or robust savage, or an Arab, flying about the desert, he would not have committed suicide. Civilization with its absurd habits and exactions killed him."

"I also refer you to the case of John H. Green.

"John H. Green committed suicide by hanging himself with a clothes-line in the bedroom of his residence. Mr. Green was in rather reduced circumstances, and for some time has been much worried, to be prepared to resist any attempt on the part of his landlord to eject him from the premises during the night. Mr. Green had invariably gone to bed with his clothes on for three weeks. He, also, usually put his cane near the head

of his bed, with the remark to his wife, that if anyone attempted to put them out of the house he would defend her with his life."

"His landlord, hearing of Mr. Green's mental troubles, tried to dispel them by telling him that he could live there as long as he wished, and that his rent was paid months in advance. Still Mr. Green brooded over his misfortunes. At 10 o'clock yesterday morning he went into the room used as a bedroom, while his wife was busy, and she did not notice his absence until about two hours afterward, when, she went into the bedroom and found him hanging by the neck, dead."

"He had procured a clothes-line, and throwing one end over a closet door, shut it, thus holding the rope firmly in its place. He then made a noose in the other end, which he placed around his neck, and throwing himself forward in a kneeling position, so that the full weight of his body came upon the rope, succeeded in strangling himself to death."

"Now," moralized the tramp, "if Mr. Green had had no home and no landlord, he would not have been afraid of being turned out of his house. If he had travelled with his own tent or slept on hay-stacks he would not have been a miserable suicide."

"There is," he continued, "respectable precedent for tramping. The early patriarchs were tramps—Abraham was not only a tramp, but under the laws of Mongolia he would be legally known as a 'Squatter.' He certainly was a *vagabundus*, which literally means nothing more or less than a wanderer, and had, originally, no depreciatory signification. So was the patriarch

Jacob a tramp ; yet he rather disgraced the profession by divers tricks that would not pass muster, now. Turning to the New Testament, we find the Apostles were fully instructed to 'take nothing for their journey, neither staves nor scrip, neither bread nor money ;' neither were they to have two cents apiece, nor abide in any house."

"Aristotle and his peripatetic philosophers were also professed walkers, and taught and learned, while tramping. There appears to be nothing evil or villainous in tramping, *per se*. Of course it may be abused."

"In itself it is natural, healthful, independent and proper. The trumper may properly say to the worldling: 'Do not tramp if you do not like it, but do not howl, as you do, at a man who is content with little, who takes his staff and trudges the highways, confident in his manhood.'"

"Why, a man who is merely fond of wandering, who is disinclined to be fossilized in a locality, who loves nature and freedom, should be characterized in the criminal codes as a 'vagrant,' and punishable as such, seems contrary to justice as well as scripture.

"Wealthy people are allowed to wander by their vehicles and by various traveling *media*. They circumnavigate the globe and are lauded for it. Why, then, should not the pure *vagabundus* enjoy his tramp on the streets and highways of the world?"

"Look at the physical difference between a man that tramps in the open air, nay, between a savage and the forced children of civilization. Look at the average human of our great cities. Of course, there are fair ex-

ceptions, but, as a general rule, the average highly civilized human being is now a miserable looking object, greatly degenerate, doubtless, from the original type; and even from the nomadic, open-air type of the modern day. Look at a throng of both sexes coming out from some place of concourse: observe them, one by one—look at the pallor, the deformity, the decrepitude, the distortion, the diseased aspect, the premature age, the sinister, mean, jagged, narrow, swinish, cunning, moribund, felonious, diabolical expressions of physiognomy; the diminished stature, the angular, gibbous, warped, withered or bloated figures; the weakened frames, the shackled nerves, and the flabby muscles,—The average civilized being begins to rot, almost from his infancy. Compare him in beauty with a lion, a tiger, a horse, a dog, or almost any other animal, each after his kind, with graceful shapes, glossy skin, brilliant eyes, agile movement, and natural expression: at any rate, if not beautiful in lines and color, at least so in his consistent form, structure, and vitality, adapted each to his purpose and condition. The positively ugly lion, tiger, leopard, bear, horse, cow or dog, is never seen except he has been confined or crossed by civilized processes."

"While, as to civilized humanity, physical ugliness and decline is the rule;—the national god-type has yielded to the conventional human one."

Zimmerman has set forth the pleasures of this vocation in the following language:

"Peace of mind upon the earth is the supreme good. Simplicity of heart will procure this invaluable blessing

to the wise mortal, who, renouncing the noisy pleasures of the world, sets bounds to his desires and inclinations, cheerfully submits himself to the decrees of heaven, and, viewing those around him with the eye of charitable indulgence, feels no pleasures more delightful than those which the soft murmur of a stream falling in cascades from the summit of rocks, the refreshing breezes of the young zephyrs and the sweet accents of the woodland chaunters are capable of offering."

I do not pretend to answer satisfactorily, even to myself, the social problems connected with vagabondism.

I aver, however, my proclivities for tramping — and I join hands with the man who throws reasoning on the subject to the dogs, and who takes up his stick and leaves behind, as well as he can care, ambition, hope and turmoil; who is tired of civilization's tread-mill, and the artificial surroundings of conventional humanity; who looks up to the blue sky, breathes the pure atmosphere, gazes on the varying beauties of nature, enjoys the present, lives where he can, and on what he can, gives physical labor for his small modicum of food and raiment, under the scriptural doom, calls no man master and no man slave, who, in fact — tramps.

There is another kind of tramp — *The mental tramp*.

Mental tramping consists in such a condition of the mind as avoids effort, and denudes itself of ambition; which receives impressions but cares not to impart them; which makes no strivings and indulges in no anticipations; which avails itself of passing gratifications but does not turn aside to seek them; which pursues such

a routine of mental action as may happen to suggest or present itself; and the whole of which condition proceeds from a dreamy contentment which is cultivated as a system. This condition is of course one of selfishness.

Some would call this kind of tramp "a hog of Epicurus' breed." He certainly is of that philosophy.—Unlike the Cynic, he neither criticises nor rails; unlike the Stoic, he does not bear his breast to the storm, but stands aside and avoids it.

This kind of tramp, while he does no good, does no harm. He envies not the success of others, and has neither hostility nor the spirit of opposition. He asks to be let alone and he lets others alone. He is, withal, a moral philosopher. He says to the seeker after happiness, "The more you love the more you suffer—what you most prize you will most regret;" to the worker, "You are wearing yourself and others will enjoy the fruit;" to the ambitious, "*cui bono?*" to the philanthropist, "If you better human condition you make it more sensitive to change and loss;" to the seeker of wealth, "You can buy nothing but shadows;" to the proud man, "Both angels and devils are laughing at you;" to the devotee, "Yon worship you know not whom;" to mankind generally, "Ye are a fleeting show;" "then fold your arms and pass along the flood of time with the rest."

I knew a tramp of this kind: he was a man of small means, but sufficient for ordinary wants; he lived alone and seldom travelled; he had experimented somewhat in the world, and met with not more than the usual

amount of disappointments. He was not deficient in human sympathy, and was neither what is called hardened nor *blasé*; but he prevented the working of his sensibilities and subdued his emotions as much as possible for a machine endowed with nerves. His theory of life was "*laissez aller*." Observation and neutrality was his motto.

I once held converse with this tramp, somewhat in this wise:

PELICAN.—"Well, how do you now pass your time?"

TRAMPUS.—"Enjoying repose, and seeing the world's panorama move; personal neutrality and insignificance, and mental equilibrium and indifference."

PELICAN.—"Have you not become tired of yourself yet?"

TRAMPUS.—"I am not a recluse; I am yet of the earth; I have still eyes, ears, and a brain, and have not ceased from observation and reflection."

PELICAN.—"What are your objective points of life; nothing but observation?"

The Tramp here expanded himself as follows:

TRAMPUS.—"Well, sir, in looking at humanity in its various social phases and conditions, I find there is always with every one, no matter what his condition, something wanting, either as a necessity, or a caprice,

Happiness, socially speaking, becomes more and more a relative term as civilization with its artificial requirements progresses. A condition that mars one man's life would make another's pleasureable; wants and gratifications which before were unsought or unknown, become in time, necessities, and a deprivation of them brings discomfort. The happiness of the cottager and the drudge is a condition that to another would not seem worth living for; while the ambitious dreams and artificial requirements of the cultured and rich, are to the hewers of wood and drawers of water incomprehensible as well as undesired. It is to be observed, moreover, that probably not one of these people, high or low, is permanently contented. They are all grumbling; all want an increase or a change; the poor man murmurs at his lot and slaves for his necessities; the rich man sweats and slaves for more—always for more. If one man is as happy as another, in practical effect—why strive for promotions, conditions or results that would make increased demands and not increase the personal *bonum*? Besides that, the absurdly fleeting nature of mundane things makes them to my mind particularly contemptible. Even the social affections, the communion of friendship and domestic life receive such awful shocks and blows and losses that it is as well not to possess, as a joy, what may give over-balancing pain. It is best to conduct life upon the conviction of man's utter helplessness under the irresistible forces of nature and the chain of circumstances. I also remark that, the more possessions one has the greater the loss rather the want of which makes either misery or discontent.

than the gain of independence. It is absurd to be the slave of inanimate things, they drag down body and soul, and often, probably, kill both. According to the theory of those of the Stoic school, it is with the mind just as with the body; in a healthy state it is slightly clad, but in sickness, it is wrapped in cumbrous clothing; and it is a sure sign of infirmity to have many wants. 'It is with life,' says one of them, 'as with swimming; that man is the most expert who is the most disengaged from all encumbrances; just the same way amid the stormy tempests of human life, that which is light tends to our buoyancy, that which is heavy to sink us.' "

PELICAN.—" One would think you would have some interest in striving, as others do; the ants and bees are all working around you; industry is a foe to vice, and gives tone, vigor and vitality to the individual as well as to a community."

TRAMPUS.—" I have enough for the ordinary requirements of existence; Bacon says, ' Riches are the baggage of virtue; it cannot be spared or left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no great use except in the distribution.' The philosopher Apuleius remarks that Poverty is the handmaid of philosophy; ' frugal, temperate, content with little, safe in her ways, simple in her requirements, in her counsels a promoter of what is right; no one has she ever puffed up with pride, no one has she corrupted by the enjoyment of power, no one has she maddened with tyrannical ambition; for no pampering of the

appetite or of the passions does she sigh, nor can she indulge it; poverty has nurtured from his very cradle every individual in whom we find anything to admire and commend. Poverty I say, she, who, in former ages was the foundress of all cities, the inventor of all arts, she is guiltless of all offence; she is lavish of all glory, and has been honored with every praise among all nations.' "

"Crates of Thebes, the follower of Diogenes, had learned from experience that no security was bequeathed him with his wealth that he should enjoy it all his life: that all things are unstable and insecure, that all the riches under the sky avail nothing towards a happy life. When he had learned these and similar truths, partly from Diogenes, and partly from his own reflection, he, at last, went out into the forum, and threw down his wealth like a load of dung, more fatiguing than useful. When a great crowd had assembled he cried out, 'Crates manumits Crates.' Thenceforward, we are told, he lived happily, all his days, not only without servants, but also bare and disencumbered of everything."

"Mohamed thus preaches, in the book of Alkoran, termed the 'Iron,' 'Know that this present life is only a toy, and vain amusement and worldly pomp, and the affection of glory among you, and the multiplying of riches and children are as the plants nourished by the rain, the springing up whereof delighteth the husbandman; afterwards, they wither, so that thou seest the same turn yellow, and at length they become dry stubble.' "

"Micromegas, in his discourse with the inhabitants of Saturn, remarks, 'I have travelled some, I have seen

beings far inferior to me, and others much superior; but I have never seen any who have not more desires than real wants and more wants than satisfaction.' ”

PELICAN.—“ Have you no intellectual pursuits or pleasures ? ”

TRAMPUS.—“ I read of other people's dreams and speculations, and mark how the *savants* contradict and abuse each other, and how each new theory of cosmology, morals and science asserts itself, and is supplanted by another, in its turn to be supplanted. The world's varying ideas form an endless phantasmagoria. The ideas of these dreamers and visionaries, however, no more form my plans, thoughts, or actions than do the phantasms of sleep. These fellows are now all looking down into the dim recesses of nature, among protoplasms and germ scells. In fact, man no longer looks erect ; he goes shuffling through the world with spectacles on nose, a restless ‘ *quid nunc*, ’ neglecting his individuality, bound by routine and yet chafing under it, and searching after the unfathomable ; each prowler delighting in subverting the ideas of a predecessor—each orthodoxy succumbing in time to a heterodoxy, and so they go on swelling, glittering, clashing, exploding, and passing away like bubbles on a stream. I believe in the ‘ *onme ignotum* ’ theory, and that action with a purpose, in view of human experiences, is ridiculous.”

The tramp here began to sing in a queer nasal tone,

‘ Nous tromper dans nos entreprises,
C'est a quoi nous sommes sujets ;
Le matin je fais des projets,
Et le long du jour des sottises. ’ ”

"After a certain experience of life," he continued, "the past is a subject of regret or pain. The future is a cheat, the present is but a *punctum temporis*; ergo; fold your arms and consider yourself a mere conglomerate of atoms the sport of nature or destiny."

PELICAN.—"Do you not entertain any sense of responsibility for your actions or non actions?"

TRAMPUS.—"I am told by the most highly cultivated and best paid spiritual pastors and masters, that what good works I do of my own volition gain me nothing. What good I may do is considered a fruit, not an act of volition yielding reward. It is stated that I must merely have faith. That is, that I must stop reasoning and believe what they tell me. I will take what is told me by the two leading evangelical sects. I find by the Westminster catechism, that whatever comes to pass has been foreordained and fixed, including election to life eternal. I also find by the 17th article of the Protestant Episcopal Church, that the same doctrine is held by that church. Entertaining the above, as I am told to do, as an article of faith, I find that I am blessed or damned in spite of myself from all eternity. It is natural under the circumstances that I should fold my arms, and say '*Cui bono.*'"

PELICAN—"I shall have to conclude, that you are a Nihilist, a Pessimist, and a Fatalist."

TRAMPUS.—"Epithets are a weak style of argument."

I became tired of this tramp, and I suppose he was of me, for I left him yawning.

PUFF-BALLS.

There is a human *genus* of this character, the species of which are numerous and multiform.

The characteristic base is self-consequence ; this may arise variously, as from example, from ignorance, from training, from association. Various conditions may develop different species, as do various soils the typical vegetable *fungi*.

Naturalists remark upon the rapidity with which the Puff-ball increases in size. A Giant Ball (*Lycoperdon giganteum*) that was less than an inch in diameter in the evening, has been known to enlarge to the diameter of a foot by morning.

Characteristics of this fungus are also that it springs up unexpectedly in the dark, without apparent cause or origin ; it grows best in the midst of corruption, and draws its nourishment from putrefaction ; its development is rapid and its life brief ; it is too capricious in its growth to be cultivated ; and, finally, rots on a dung-hill or perishes in its morass.

The meanest kind of human fungus of this type is the Social Puff-ball. This represents an individual who is valueless in him or herself, and has, and, in fact, claims no high characteristic ; but arrogates and asserts personal superiority, consequence and dignity, from being of a so-called superior social grade. Higher is the self-

consequence and greater the pride when this is acquired by personal struggle, no matter through what abasement.

The glory attained is a reflected or borrowed light, the *status* a nullity,—that is, it has no real qualities or conditions; *per se*: the *stratum* the Puff-ball stands on, and in which he grows and flourishes, may be flimsy and rotten, and his fellow Puff-balls no better than himself—but there he is, and there they are, and they puff and swell together. They make there own atmosphere and their mutual pretention exalts them into apparent size and consequence. Individually, his associates may be contemptible even to the Puff-ball, if he has observation and discrimination, but collectively they are a recognized power; and he and they have a curious dominion, the causes of whose influence are not apparent, the extent of which is illogical and absurd, and whose consequences are detrimental to human elevation and progress.

The Puff-balls have a code of union and conduct. This code is strict and yet unwritten and undefined; it is merciless and unfeeling; it disregards the humanities; it controls common sense; it conceals truth; it ridicules feeling; it jeers at sensibility; it distorts nature; it breeds envy and hatred; it wounds, it paralyzes, it destroys.

Curiously enough, it gives no tangible reward nor affords any positive pleasure to its votaries—they are its slaves, and although gagged and bound by it, they willingly continue the thralldom, sing its praises, and lick the lash.

The rising Puff-ball will endure an indefinite amount of slight, and even abuse from the risen Puff-balls, as he clammers toward the shining goal. He gradually, as he climbs, loses all sensibility and self-respect, and when risen, his consolation for indignities received is that he can throw them back upon those striving below, or who are still wriggling in mid-air.

The kick and counter-kick are daily occurrences of his social life. It is of no consequence if the kick he receives is paid back upon an innocent recipient. Justice is not a characteristic of Puff-ball life.

Another curious characteristic is, that the Social Puff-balls, while openly fawning and sycophantic to each other, are secretly mutually vituperative. There is no mutual regard but rather a mutual dislike, fed by envy, and an apprehension that the one may advance the other in the Puff-ball sphere. There is no sympathy of feeling between them, but only a sympathy of glitter and show. They will hear of a misfortune to another almost with satisfaction, and make it a subject of derisive comment.

Another characteristic is that there is no moral tone or standard of conduct in Puff-ballia, and moral obliquity does not operate to disqualify in its social life.

So long as suspicious characters or transgressors are generally recognised by the Puff-ball society that is enough: that recognition washes away or covers delinquencies.

There is one crime, however, that seems always to degrade in this peculiar social sphere: that is poverty. Let a Puff-ball but lose the means of flourishing

and rolling about flagrantly with the rest, and he drops out of sight; his consequence and position are gone: his *quasi* friends make him a subject of gossip and jeer, they give him no sympathy, and extend no assistance; they kick him away and send him rolling elsewhere.

It is too late for him to make a new set of acquaintances. They would be uncongenial.

There is nothing left for the poor Puff-ball, but to puff out his powder and collapse in the dark.

I will, by way of illustration, give a description of a nascent Puff-ball temporarily located at a gay capital during the winter. As it is a portrait that resembles many, I will insert it as illustrating my text. It is from the correspondence of a keen observer, writing from the locality.

“ It is amusing to see how many ‘ Mrs. Proudies ’ there are in Washington. And it is—not—amusing to see how many nice little wives, and good, plain mothers are spoiled by a taste of gayety in our republican capital. One member’s wife, when she came here first, a few months ago, was really home-sick for her little village. But after the cards came in to her, and she began to fully realize that she was the wife of a member of Congress, what airs the country mite took on herself. Ladies whose claim to distinction rested upon their innate refinement and intelligence, and not upon the accidental position of their husbands, were passed unnoticed save by the faintest smilingless inclination; and the grade or rank of a lady’s husband could have been told by a looker-on, by the warmth or coolness with which

the wife of the new member welcomed them. The change in the toilet of the lady was marked. Her eye eagerly ran over the dresses of her acquaintances. From a modest lady in a plain black silk and smooth brown locks she burst into the less *distingué* style of light satin and bare shoulders, and pyramid-shaped head with the surrounding thatch of frizzes which hides the broad, beautiful brow and makes every woman look like an idiot. The lady now trips to her hired cab every day, and gives her orders to the coachman with an icy, fault-finding tone, which she, poor soul, does not know indicates her newness to the luxury of a hired team and livery. Her days are a round of ceaseless, meaningless toadyism; her nights wild revels, where neither sense nor comfort ever show their plain, old-fashioned faces. This woman, before her husband's election, would have sat up with her neighbor's sick child. She would have made its tiny grave clothes and put flowers in its dead hands, the while her eyes were misty with sympathy. But now she is spoiled for everything. She will fly her round, fritter away her day, drop out of life, and not a ripple on the tide of fashionable society will show where she has gone down."

SOCIETY IN MONGRELIA.

Society in Mongrelia has many varieties; it would be invidious to call them grades when each branch claims equal eminence. The ethnological conditions of all the varieties are nearly similar, and the result in each case essentially mongrel. The same soil sown

with various seed has produced a composite race without any national characteristics, homogeneous principles or race sympathies.

The principal formative races have been the Dutch, English and Irish; there has been also, from time to time, a slight French and Slavonic infusion. The principal occupation of the denizens of Mongrelia has been the accumulation of money. Mammon is worshipped not so much for the solid substantial gifts he may confer, as for the opportunity and power given by him to enable the Mongrelians to shine and glitter.

Success in literature, art, science, invention or statesmanship has been little aimed at or appreciated in Mongrelian society; in fact, success in those matters is rather subject of wonder and ridicule than of admiration or effort.

The administration of political affairs, is not, as in other commonwealths, a matter entrusted to persons of ability or character, but so anxious is the Mongrelian to accumulate money for the purpose of shining and puffing that the administration of public affairs is left to the ignorant, the degraded and the unscrupulous, who make of politics the means of personal gain, and who, through the abuse of public laws, systematically rob the well-to-do Mongrelians, who discard all matters of public government as low and beneath their attention, and as interfering with their entertainments and amusements.

Even in the polite circles of Mongrelia, however, various classes of knavery are represented and tolerated. I do not mean to say that knavery is a characteristic of

the society of Mongrelia, but only that it has a considerable representation there, and that deviation from honor, rectitude and virtuous life does not meet with the reprobation and disgrace that is supposed to attend it.

The junior male figurants in high society in Mongrelia are distinguished by a pretention, the basis of which is feeble. It is an assertion of self-importance and consequence that looks upon those not of their association as socially and individually insignificant.

These social heroes are neither gifted, learned nor even ordinarily educated; they have neither genius, culture, or taste, except mayhap in the matter of apparel, cookery, wine, crockery, or some petty sport or game.

Neither have they the dignity or elevation of character and conduct which traditional descent, noble occupation, high ambition or manly effort may confer.

They are mostly petty toilers in some sphere of life that calls for no mental or moral effort, or intellectual training, and which adds nothing to human sustenance, happiness or progress.

They are usually interchangers, negotiators, money lenders, agents or clerical employees, seldom producers, or great commercial dealers, never instructors, philanthropists or constructors, and are rarely engaged in the learned professions.

An absorbing object of the above Mongrelian youth is either to receive money without labor or to become accomplished in that species of legerdemain which will most readily transfer cash from other people's pockets

into their own. They are not always over scrupulous as to the means, and daily becomes less so.

This occupation is one that requires a sharpness that is soon acquired and has no relation to intellect. The above class, in the main, compose the male *jeunesse doree* of Mongrelia, and this element has an assumption of superiority, that makes people who have an appreciation of true merit in humanity, smile in derision.

When the Mongrelian young man of the above caste travels in European lands, his principal aim is to shut off his nationality, and appear to be something else than what he is. You cannot shock him more greatly, than, if meeting him in Europe, to tell him that you would know him for a Mongrelian, and hail him as a countryman. "Why," he would exclaim, aghast, "every one takes me for an Englishman or a Frenchman," or whatever he may choose to be. He considers a recognition of his nationality as an insult. Another peculiarity is that he dislikes to be considered anything but a man of means and fortune—a *rentier*, as the foreign term is.

Therefore, when the Puff-ball young Mongrelian is on his foreign travels, whether his occupation at home be that of broker, financier, auctioneer, house-agent, steamboat runner, quack medicine man, liquor dealer, clerk, tea-taster, druggist, coal dealer, trader, or lawyer, he will inscribe himself on hotel book or passport as a *rentier*, and would be very indignant if you exposed him by informing any foreign person of his real occupation.

In fact, when the puff-ball young Mongrelian travels

in Europe he is both ashamed of his nationality and his occupation.

The Mongrelian young woman of the so-called upper class is not educated to a degree that is burdensome.

The smattering of mental acquisition that is supposed sufficiently to develop her intellect is considered terminated at about the age of seventeen.

There is great similarity among the Mongrelian young women. They seem all run in the same type or mould. Anything like originality or deviation from the type would be considered unconventional, unfashionable, and therefore, absurd. The type has a slight knowledge of rudimentary branches by dint of forced routine culture sufficient to give understanding of the main features of a novel or the plot of a play.

Her knowledge of art is confined to what is requisite for her adornment. The type has no taste for the sublime or beautiful in nature. She looks at a star simply with an idea that it is a little bright thing. She never looks at a sunset sky but with respect to the colors therein that might be adapted to a dress.

What are called accomplishments may have been aimed at, but they have soon been relinquished as distasteful or as troublesome. The conversation of these types is trivial and snappy—the topics are small local occurrences or personal gossip—their daily objects of interest are routines of mutual visiting, amusements of a light character and trivial shows to beguile time, which, otherwise would drag wearily. All thought beyond that which is ephemeral, is beyond their scope,

and, in fact, their desire, and they float along in an atmosphere narrow and vapid.

As a true history of the routine daily life of a specimen of the above female type, I will quote a letter written by one of them to a friend. It is genuine:

"We breakfast about 10; breakfast occupies the best part of an hour, during which we read our letters, and pick up the latest news in the papers. After that we have to go and answer our letters, and my mother expects me to write her notes of invitation, or to reply to such. Then I go into the conservatory and feed the canaries and parrots, and cut off the dead leaves and flowers from the plants. Then it is time to dress for lunch, and at two o'clock we lunch. At three, my mother likes me to go with her when she makes her calls, and then we come home to a five o'clock tea, when some friends drop in. After that, we get ready to take our drive in the Park, and then we go home to dinner, and after dinner we go to the theatre or the opera, or a ball, and then, when we get home, I am so dreadfully tired that I don't know what to do."

Such a life, of course, tends strongly to develop the intellect, enlarge the sympathies, and form such a character as the Roman satirist describes:

"Then see what trains of affectation come
To blast the looked-for comforts of thy home,
The last Greek phrase the last Cecropian curl
Or Attic robe must grace the wayward girl."

“Schooled by the ant, some men, at least, forbear,
And of the present for the future spare;
But prodigal in ruin, woman still
Expects some miracle the void to fill.”

The grand object in life the female inhabitant of what is termed the upper, wealthy classes of Mongrelia, is, either to marry a foreign title or to secure one for a daughter. This matter differs from the Circassian business in that the Circassian parent receives money from the sale of the daughter, whereas the Mongrelian pays money to secure the son-in-law.

So ardent is the desire and belief in this matter that it becomes almost in time, a creed, and may be thus resolved:

“I believe in the advantages of a foreign son-in-law, especially in a titled one or the son of a title. I believe that thereby we will be enabled to exalt our horns several pegs, and look down upon Mrs. A., B. or C. who now consider themselves entitled to do the same to us.

“I believe in transferring the family property to a fortune-hunter.”

“I believe in the transmigration of people, the exile of children, the cutting up of household gods, the abandonment of country, the annihilation of patriotism, the destruction of friendship, and the loss of self-respect,—and I believe in the change of one’s religion, and in a European life to come, if thereby one can make a greater dash and figure in the foreign and domestic world. Amen!”

This curious ambition to secure a foreign alliance is

indicated even in the precincts of Mongrelia by great rival efforts.

The object of pursuit is caught there, if possible, when *in transitu*, surfeited with attentions, tempted by the bait of a settlement, and secured if possible, before he may be impeded by a family *veto*.

Another curious fact I have noticed among the Mongrelians. If a Mongrelian family should, in the course of their social struggles, secure a temporary *floating status*, in the polished circles of some foreign capital, there is great and remarkable exaltation, and a heralding of the fact through every known process. Newspapers are instructed; professed gossips are informed, and communications sent with full details in every quarter where they may possibly propagate the news. The recipients of such social favors seem to think that it is a great, unexpected and wonderful thing that they should be admitted into superior and polished circles at all; they look with compassion upon those who, from disinclination to such struggles, or otherwise are not similarly favored, and are ready to lick the hands and humble themselves before the people of "quality" who may have noticed them.

Another thing to be remarked about the fashionable Mongrelians is, that they have no friendships, or, at least, none that they would not sacrifice at the dictate of expediency or fashion. Let the latter deity pronounce its decree against some one who may have decided to despise or break her fetters, let triflers point the shaft of ridicule, let humbler means require cessation of superfluous expenditure, let chastened feeling

give taste for more rational and conscientious life, such individuals become nonentities, and are socially excommunicated. The above result appears natural when it is considered how trivial is the basis of friendship in Mongrelia ; not sympathy of mind, feeling or character, but harmony in mutual self-assertion, companionship which has some selfish or trivial object, or shallow intercourse which has no object at all.

A MONGRELIAN IDYL.

I will narrate an Idyl of the high social circles of Mongrelia.

It is about Smeethe de Weatherwax and Maude Finnegan van Shamsangle. It will be observed the names are rather mongrel. They are compounded of English, French, Dutch and Irish. This is accounted for in this way: There was a cobbler named Smith, origin unknown, although he had, in fact, as many ancestors as the Duke of Somerset. Smith cobbled steadily for twenty years until, as he pounded his last, he pounded an idea out of it connected with shoe-pegs. He patented the idea, which brought him some money, with which he started a shoe shop. From retail he expanded to the wholesale line, took large State prison contracts and cheated the State, and took advantage of a national war to handsomely cheat the Government. He became, in time, a Savings bank's president, and thereafter, by judicious and timely borrowing from the institution (which failed), he retired, a triple millionaire.

Now, when Smith was a cobbler, the relative laxity or stiffness of his hogs' bristles enabled him to presage the weather. Hence his ale-house chums dubbed him Weatherwax Smith. When he was rising in the world, in order to distinguish himself from a rival Smith, he reversed his name into that of Smith Weatherwax. When he became Smith Weatherwax, Esq., as President of the "Mongrelia Flare and Flash Savings institution," his wife (an ex-milliner) insisted on the French change; consequently the cards issued for an entertainment given at the new Weatherwax mansion, were issued in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Smith de Weatherwax. When their eldest son, Smith, subsequently came from abroad, after a year's sojourn in the capitals of Europe, whence he returned with an eye-glass permanently fixed in one eye, a broken constitution, an extensive wardrobe, a taste for cheating at cards, a few French words and phrases, an entire moral obliquity and an overbearing sense of the importance, intelligence excellence and consequence of his own body and soul, then, I remark, this individual thinking "Smith" was a common "lead," as he expressed it, causes that sonorous cognomen to undergo a Norman French change, into "Smeethe," and thenceforward, he figured as Smeethe de Weatherwax, Jr., Esq., and that name was engraved on a seal, with coat of arms got up for him by the celebrated Strong i' th' arm, of Waterloo place, London.

Now it came to pass that Smeethe, the younger, was beginning to get bored with the world generally. He had witnessed about thirty summers. The "old man," as he reverently termed Smeethe, Sr., "kept," as he re-

marked, "the screws too tight for him"; so Smeethe, Jr., thought he would fix his intellect upon accomplishing the great *summum bonum* of Mongrelian effort and life, *i. e.*, marrying money.

With that view he rolled his protuberant eyes upon Maude Finnegan van Shamsangle. She was the daughter of Shamsangle (the "Van" was subsequently added) the baker, who owned an out-of-town pasture, which, under the flush times of a currency plethora, developed into city lots and made Shamsangle rich. As he was gliding up the social scale his eye gazed upon the buxom charms, encased in flaunting finery, of Bridget Finnegan, daughter of Alderman Finnegan, the Irish politician and contractor. Through Finnegan's influence with his friends and relatives in the Board of Aldermen he had caused the grade of Mushroom avenue to be changed five times; so that he and his friends and coadjutors might get the successive jobs. The Mushroomers squealed and roared as they had to open their money bags for the taxes and assessments, but were too lazy to do anything against the flagrant injustice. They were ignorant too, of State and City affairs. Politics, they said, was a low business, so they preferred to rob each other in Bullion street, and then, be cheated by political jobbers.

The result of the above process, however, was that Finnegan prospered, and Miss Finnegan became Mrs. Van Shamsangle. A further result was the creation of the being who, after her return from a finishing boarding school, became a shining social light, under the polyglot designation of Maude Finnegan van Shamsangle.

Maude Finnegan van Shamsangle had been for some years in what is called the first society of Mongrelia, at the time that de Weatherwax fixed his aforesaid eye upon her with serious intents. She was what was called a good *parti*, and there were many aspirants for her hand; and *pourquoi pas?*

She had been educated in a dozen first-class schools; she was supposed to be an heiress, her costumes came from Paris, and her family had a country house at Ninkum-sport, and a pew at St. Modus church. Their position, therefore, was of the first class. Besides that, Shamsangle *père* was a prominent citizen, he was a vestryman at St. Modus', president of a National bank, director of the "Bubble and Squeak Petroleum Co.," and the entertaining special partner of the great financial firm of Ramshackle, Iscariot & Co. I will endeavor to describe Maude. In describing her, I shall have to be somewhat realistic, although I am writing an idyl.

Maude was about 26 years of age. She was smallish in height, her bones were pipey, and her adipose matter was meagre; so that although, when stuffed, bedraped and beribboned she might have misled the idealizing spectator by an apparent rotundity, she was, in fact, little more than a skeleton. Her voice was nasal and squeaky, and generally pitched at an unnecessarily high tone, her complexion was sallow and dull, her hair and teeth decidedly in their *decadence*; and yet surely no one could say that, when arrayed in an imported costume, with somebody else's tresses piled on her head and plas-

tered about her forehead, that Maude van Shamsangle was not an exceedingly stylish girl. She evidently thought so, as she swept and tottered along the Avenue, on her high-heeled boots, leaning on the arm of de Weatherwax; her face in a continuous simper, under the vocal blandishments of that gentleman.

Maude was no chicken in love making. Once she had been engaged to three men, at the same time, although this, by the way, was considered no unusual thing among the females at Mongrelia. It gave Maude additional prestige, as being "*smart*." She subsequently nearly caught an English lord on his travels; when his friends interfered and expressed him home. She had also been nearly caught herself, by an Italian barber in the guise of a count, when *her* friends interfered and bought off the barber. Her maiden affections were, however, for the present disengaged; and, with the approbation of her family (who were now a little anxious about her, as there were two younger sisters coming on), she had promised Smeethe de Weatherwax, as she dangled with his gorgeous watch chain, to be his lawful wife. Smeethe had sealed the contract with the ordinary salute and caught her enthusiastically in his arms; and yet,—while leaving the house, he might have been heard somewhat moodily soliloquizing, as he expectorated a somewhat suspiciously bismuth taste from his mouth: "*Who would have thought she was such a — light weight?*" I am sorry to be so realistic, but I must be truthful.

The bells of St. Modus rang merrily, and there was a great wedding. The newspaper correspondents had been

duly informed, and the manufactured pedigrees of the families of the bride and groom duly furnished, together with a list of presents and guests, so that the envying public might be instructed, through the morning journals of the great event in high life, that had occurred. The usual gay routine was gone through by the married pair. When the gaiety was over they yawned in mutual vacuity. Finally a puny baby appeared, to break the silly routine. The baby lived its little span and died daily, although arrayed sumptuously and pampered luxuriously. Its little brain could not stand the wear and tear of being made a show-piece until far into the night; and the little stomach could not stand the continuous nourishment of French dishes and sweetmeats.

Then Maude took to theatres, to shake off sorrow, and Smeethe to gambling and drinking at the clubs.

Maude waxed thinner and sallow under diseases incident to ignorance of health laws, and the perversion and distortion of nature. The time that should have been given to air and exercise, was expended in the flimsy decoration of her empty head and weazened face. Smeethe's nose grew redder and redder, and later and later did his night key fumble at the door. She became a slattern and a devotee to French novels; he, rapidly a drunkard. The purse, too, began to run low. Weatherwax, senior, was in straits, under the great financial panic which made his real estate a drug in the market, and sent him finally, a pauper lunatic, to an insane asylum.

The great banking house of Ramshackle, Iscariot &

Co., of which Van Shamsangle was a special partner, also began to be talked about and to totter. It had long flourished on no capital but the pretensions of its partners, and the ingenious device of paying its depositors a high rate of interest while it quietly ate up their principal.

Finally it utterly collapsed and the assignee in bankruptcy showed only as assets some shares in the "Phantasmagoria Silver Mining Co."

Soon the house and household implements were sold under the banner of the sheriff's auctioneer, on judgments in favor of the butcher, and baker, and modiste; and the stately mansion, the renaissance furniture, the faience pottery, the Japanese monstrosities, the pet dog, the bric-a-brac, the opera box, and the pew at St. Modus vanished into thin air!

The next scene in the idyl represents a little emaciated body in in St. Modus, encased in a casket. The organist strums his prelude; the soprano sings her solo: the Rev. Ignatius Snowbands plumes his whiskers in the vestry room before going through with the burial service in his usual velvety tones.

The audience went forth again into the garish sunlight and gossiped over the event. A few journeyed to the cemetery, and then,—all that was left of Maude Finnegan Van Shamsangle withered away in the dark!

The last incident of this idyl I give in an extract from the "Mongrelia Daily Crucible:—"

"COURT OF SESSIONS."

"At the opening of the court, yesterday, the district attorney moved for sentence on the young forger, Smeethe de Weatherwax, Jr., who was found guilty at the last term, of forging the name of the dry goods firm of Dowlass, Dadoe & Co. to a check on the Bank of the Metropolis."

"The criminal, on being interrogated if he had anything to say why judgment should not be pronounced against him, muttered a few unintelligible words. He was, evidently, under the influence of liquor, and had to be supported in a half standing position by two officers while the sentence was imposed."

"After some severe remarks on the enormity of the offence, especially as committed by one of the criminal's education and position, the Court stated, that there was no doubt, in its mind, that the prisoner had been fairly convicted, after a full and impartial trial, and that the plea of '*morbid emotional insanity*,' which had been urged in defense of the crime was a frivolous one, and entirely unsubstantiated by the testimony. The Court then imposed a sentence of ten years in the State prison, the highest penalty allowed by the law. The criminal was then handcuffed and driven in the prison van to the Tombs, whence, that afternoon, together with the negro burglar Williams, he was taken by deputy sheriff Rafferty to the State prison."

THE LITERARY PUFF-BALL.

Another species of the *genus* Puff-ball is the literary.

This Puff-ball may have written a book, or may only have been a magazine rhymster, imposing his fancies on a community that can only tolerate him or her in dribblets.

This latter species puffs greatly after having been admitted into the pages of some periodical. The following is an example of the prevalent style :

“Sweet love and I have strangers been
These many years,
So many years!
O! love, come to me once again:
My lone heart sighs,—
So sadly sighs!”

Take this, also :

“The twilight beams from out her crystal tower,
And seems to smile upon the parting day;
Some trembling beams still trick her windowed bower,
But fast they fade before the encroaching gray.”

I have also read a remarkable piece of composition, evidently the result of the incandescent thought of a poet who was a great admirer of Campbell's battle piece of Hohenlinden ; it is called The Battle of Busaco. I will give four stanzas as a sample ; they are full of genius :

"Beyond Busaco's mountains dun,
When far had rolled the sultry sun,
And night her pall of gloom had thrown
On nature's still *convexity* : "

"The orb of day, in crimson dye,
Began to mount the morning sky ;
Then what a scene for warrior's eye
Hung on the bold *declivity* ! "

"The serried bayonets glittering stood
Like icicles on hills of blood ;
An aerial stream, a silver wood,
Reeled in the *flickering canopy*."

"The pause is o'er—the fatal shock
A thousand thousand thunders woke ;
The air grows thick ; the mountains rock,
Red ruin rides *triumphantly*."

How nobly that word "triumphantly" winds up the last verse—and what a superior word-stroke that calling the earth a "convexity," in the first verse. Hohenlinden sinks far into the shade. Poor Campbell will soon be forgotten, while this new battle poet will be riding about over his "still convexities," and "flickering canopies," and "bold declivities" !

There are two semi-lunatic English rhymsters named Browning. They have been spinning out their brains for a quarter of a century, in ragged, jagged, crinkled versification and turgid blank verse, characterized by

morbidity, profanity, considerable vulgarity, and a studied, strained, muddy obscurity which, by some, is called *genius*. Their conceit is something wonderful. This is particularly noted in the one of the twain ycleped Robert, whose dedications of his lyrical dramas so called, are absurdly pretentious. One piece of blank verse, addressed to a fellow jingler, he heads with these words:

“Dedication.”

“No one loves and honors Barry Cornwall more than Robert Browning does;

“Who, having nothing better than this play to give him, in proof of it,

“Must say so.”

This rhymster in describing a daybreak gives it to us in the elevated metaphorical shape of a boiling tea-kettle, in this wise:

“Day!

Faster and more fast,

O'er night's brim, day *boils* at last;

Boils, pure gold, o'er cloud cup's brim

Where spurting and opprest it lay.”

Here, you will observe, he muddles his metaphor between the kettle and the tea-cup—he is so fond of boiling that he makes them both boil.

Describing a king's hair, he says ;

“ And the king's locks curled
Disporting o'er a forehead full,
As the milk-white space 'twixt horn and horn
Of some sacrificial bull ! ”

The following is a fine specimen of his maniacal jingling style :

“ As I ride, as I ride,
When an inner voice has cried,
The sands slide nor abide
(As I ride, as I ride)
O'er each visioned Homicide
That came vaunting (has he lied ?)
To reside—where he died,
As I ride, as I ride.”

“ As I ride, as I ride,
Could I loose what fate has tied,
E'er I pried, she should hide,
As I ride as I ride,
All that 's meant me ; satisfied,
When the Prophet and the Bride
Stop veins I'd have subside,
As I ride, as I ride.”

The rhyming dictionary crops out there rather too palpably, Maestro Browning !

This is the way he dribbles about “ Love.”

“ So the year’s done with !
 (*Love me forever !*)
 All March begun with,
 April’s endeavor ;
 May wreaths that bound me
 June needs must sever !
 Now snows fall around me,
 Quenching June’s fever,
 (*Love me forever !*) ”

The rhyming dictionary again !

The female Browning thus jabbers :

“ Grief sat upon a rock and sighed, one day,
 (Sighing is all her rest,)
 ‘ Well away, well away, oh, well away !’
 As Ocean beat the stone did she her breast,
 ‘ Ah, well away ! Ah, me ! alas, ah, me !’
 Such sighing uttered she.”

This is a picture of Venus and Adonis.

“ Ah ! ah, Cytherea ! Adonis is dead,
 Fair Adonis is dead—Echo answers, Adonis !
 Who weeps not for Cypris, when, bowing her head,
 She stares at the wound where it gapes and astonies.”

Astonies is a fine lunatic word. Query, would Echo say Adonis if the challenging word was “dead ?” Would Venus take to the study of morbid anatomy under the circumstances ?

Here is a specimen of her grandiose, muddled style:

“ Florence, Bologna, Parma, Modena,
 When you named them a year ago
 So many graves reserved by God, in a
 Day of Judgment, you seemed to know,
 To open and let out the resurrection.”

And yet this sort of stuff is printed, published, and rated by the poetry bric-a-bracker as A No. 1.

The following balderdash was written by one Dobell, whose verses collected have gone through divers editions:

“ While the thistle bears
 Spears,
 And the shamrock is green,
 And the English rose
 Blows,
 A health to the Queen !
 A health to the Queen ! a health to the Queen !
 Fill high, boys, drain dry, boys,
 A health to the Queen ! ”

“ My granny came down—*‘pour vous voir, mon barbare’*
 She brought in her pocket a map—*du Tartare*—
 Drawn up, so she vowed, *‘ par un homme ah ! si bon ’*
 With a plan for campaigning old Hal, *en haut ton,*

With, 'here you may trick him, and here you may prick
 him,
 And here—if you do it *en roi*—you may lick him,
 But there he is sacred, and yonder—oh, la!
 He 's as dear a sweet soul as your late grand papa.'

"Soho, blow trumpeter,
 Trumpeter, trumpeter!
 Blow the charge, trumpeter, blare, boy, blare!
 Fall, tyrants, fall—the devil care where!
 A health to the Queen! a health to the Queen!
 Fill high, boys, drain dry, boys,
 A health to the Queen!"

Here is some more of his gibberings:

"Oh, a gallant *sans peur*
 Is the merry chasseur,
 With his fan-faron-horn and his rifle, *ping-pang*,
 And his grand haversack
 Of gold on his back,
 His pistol, *cri-crack*!
 And his sword, *cling-clang*!"

Here is part of a piece called a psalm or war tune.
 It is addressed to the Lord!

"So then return upon the day of battle,
 So we be strong upon the day of battle,
 Be *drunk with Thee*, upon the day of battle.
 So then shine o'er us in the day of battle,

Shine in the faces of our enemies,
 Hot in the faces of our enemies,
 Hot o'er the battle and the victory.
 Victory, victory! oh, Lord, victory!
 Oh, Lord, victory! Lord, Lord, victory!"

These morbid people have generally "lone hearts," and "buried hopes," and "shattered dreams," and "sad tears." They are fond of the words, "glamour," and "sheen," and "phantasmal," and "weird," and "hoary," and "glint," and "shimmer." They revel in hyperbole and apostrophical exclamations and interjections; they are continually exclaiming, "Oh!" to some ghoul-like abstraction—that is preying upon their moribund poetical *corpuses*—as this:

"Oh! heart that buffets upon thyself."

Or this:

"O! life that fleets,—O! soul too dear,
 O! time that eats—Oh thoughts that wear!"

As follows writes a poetaster in Blackwood, *apropos* of a lark's feather which he picked up:

"And the feather I asked from the boundless heaven
 Were a gift of little worth;
 For oh! what a boon by the lark is given
 When he brings all heaven to earth."

The syllogism may be thus stated: "The lark gives an indescribable boon when he goes through the Titanic

feat of bringing heaven down to earth ; now, I asked heaven to send me a feather ; so it follows that the feather heaven may send is not worth much."

The logic here, and the hyperbole are equally admirable.

But *Scriblerus Poeticus* is seldom logical ; he leaves that to the dullards of the Pope school ; *his* Pegasus abhors the *curriculum* of sense and reason, and soars and prances *ad libitum* ; and his rider cries out : "oh !" when some particularly prominent hyperbolic curvet is accomplished.

Another dabster in a London weekly of pretention winds up his address to the "Ocean," with the fine medicinal figure noticeable in the last line :

" For the prophet's fire and motion,
Icy mask and sneer sardonic,
Be it so—Majestic Ocean !
Thou art melancholy's tonic ! "

Shade of Byron ! arise and bear witness against this pharmaceutical poet. He was in distress, however, for a rhyme to "sardonic," and if he did not take the "tonic" what was he to do ?

The "moon" is the particular divinity of these verse smackers ; they will address her as "chaste goddess of the realms of space," "pale roamer through the purple hollow night," and speak of her as being "chastely soft," or "serenely bright," or "coldly sad," and as

“palpitating through the dark,” “shimmering through the trees,” and raining down silver and other mineral products.

One enthusiast thus describes her :

“Blue and weak—red within the East are met,
Faint as the dyes that stain a sea-shell’s whirl;
And low the slender crescent moon is set,
Carved perfect from a single flawless pearl.”

Now I have no fault to find with the above species of Puff-balls, nor with the community for tolerating and encouraging them. Many of them are promising apprentices of the muse. They are harmless enough, and do no more injury to humanity than the restless insect buzzing over the summer stream; in fact, they are amusing to watch in an idle moment.

But what I do object to is the pretention and the extraordinary merit and recognition claimed by these dabsters above the rest of the human family, from the mere fact of their lucubrations being reduced to language and print. They produce nothing useful. Humanity is none the better for them, nor human progress advanced, nor care diminished by their buzzings and throbings. Other people’s brains throb, and they have thoughts ideal and practical, elevated or commonplace, and various experiences, but do not deem it necessary to spread them before the community. Our poetaster, however, has no such modesty; he insists upon buzzing in your ear. In due time, he folds his wings and passes into the everlasting Limbo, where

myriads of the kind lie, expecting translation upwards through the breath of posterity.

When the literary Puff-ball produces an entire work, his main idea is to obtain notice from the critics of the press. If they are slow in coming, he manufactures them. The following is a sample of the usual modern newspaper laudation :

“Surely this work is written by a practised hand ; there is wonderful delicacy and mastery of diction in nicely setting forth many shades of thought and feeling and also in describing manners and scenes. The story surprises by its remarkable ability which is proved by the manner in which it arrests attention.”

Or this :

“It is a splendid novel, interesting and powerful, the heroine is a glorious creature, thrilling scenes abound in it, it will be wildly read and talked about, this summer. It never hangs fire for a page.”

Or this :

“A most striking and original story. It is steeped in an airy and graceful humor ; but there is a tremendous reality in it, an earnestness of conviction and pur- that holds the reader fixed and and fascinated, like the wedding guest by the glittering eye of the ancient mariner.”

“The touches are so vivid, the figures so graphic, the earnestness so intense, that there can be little doubt

that the portraits and scenes are all sketches from nature, by a singularly shrewd eye, and incisive hand."

Another individual of this species of Puff-ball is the book-making traveler; he who returns with a fit of literature, and thinks the busy world will be delighted with his personal impressions, and a repetition of what has been theretofore described *ad nauseam* by every three-months voyager who has flourished the goose quill.

His stock of travels is generally in the form of letters to an unknown friend, and the opening chapter is in this style of literary skim milk.

"On board ship.

"My dear M.:

"Here we are at sea, on board the good ship Utopia; we left on the 12th, under a glorious sunshine, but the weather is now overcast, and a drizzle impending. The white caps are lively, and our fellow voyagers exhibit a variety of expression; the inner man rebelling and forcing a feeble smile—some pale and limp are reclining on chairs—others staggering to the guards—all anticipating the awful moment when, &c."

It is curious that the literary traveler is not only anxious to let you know that he has seen certain things and to give you his views and impressions of them, but he is also very desirous that you should know the exact time of his seeing them, and the then existing state of the weather. He generally dates his visitation with

reference to the time of his meals, so that our information may be of the most precise and satisfactory character, and always interlards his travels in a foreign country with fragments of its language abstracted from the traveling phrase book. As for example, "After breakfast we proceeded to the *Duomo*; a slight rain was falling which had no effect in damping our enthusiasm. So we started, in spite of good Giacomo's exclamation, '*Fa cativissimo tiempo, excellentissima, per corpo de Bacco!*'"

"At the door we met the B——s; a sight of them brought memories of the dear land far away."

"Leaving the cathedral, we proceeded to the Molo, and were besieged by beggars, in all shapes; one poor fellow, on crutches, exclaimed, '*Carita, serenissima mia, per l' amore de Dio e la trinita sanctissima!*' What a contrast to our own beloved land do we continually meet;—all this endears me more and more to the home of the free, where the *ægis* of liberty," &c.

The traveler in London also writes,

"On Saturday night we reached the modern Babylon, and took lodgings at the *Peagrim* hotel, one of the finest I ever saw. It raining the next day, we hired a coach and went to service at Westminster, that glorious pile. This noble abbey was erected, &c. (Here copy a page from Murray's Guide Book:)" "It impressed us, &c." "The hallowed past, &c."

"It raining also next day, and C. having a touch of her lumbago, we passed the day looking over maps and

guides, and retired early, having dined gloriously on good old English mutton." Now here we have some fine historical facts; among them that the author arrived at London on a Saturday, that the Peagrim hotel was one of the best he ever saw, that it rained Sunday and Monday ensuing; that C. had a touch of her lum-bago, and that, on Monday, the author and C. had mutton for dinner.

It is at the literary club, of which he has become a member, that this style of Puff-ball most effectually shines. I have him in my eye now—his name is Juriel Scrawler—called by himself J. Shakespeare Scrawler.

Scrawler began as an humble literary plodder, and made a living, and even accumulated something from newspaper scrap work and school juveniles; as soon, however, as he was admitted to the magazines and became convinced that he was a genius; his dress and manners were arranged to give him a bizarre, dreamy and literary look.

In time there came a positivism in his bearing and movements that challenged opposition and claimed consideration. He asserted his individuality in every movement; his voice, when speaking in a room, was raised above others and claimed silence; his style of speech became sententious, his opinions were given dogmatically; and conversation was usually led by him to his personal experience or last literary production. His eye when in company rolled as if to sift all minds, or was fixed reflectively in mid air; occasionally, he was morbidly silent and abstracted, as if he were pondering

some theme sublimated beyond ordinary expression, and as if the topics afoot were beneath his regard ; at others, he was the arbiter of a circle of talkers and thundered among them like a Jupiter.

heard, everywhere, that Scrawler was a great man, but was always somewhat puzzled to find the basis of the conclusion, although, I confess to have felt the efficacy of his presence, and considered that, when he was near, I was under a conventional obligation to feel myself the subject of a slight shrinkage.

By dint of plodding in libraries, copying from old models, and interpolating and skillfully dovetailing other people's ideas, and hammering out what brains he had, Scrawler has produced various works.

His first publication was a rehash of certain juvenile poetical efforts termed " Spring water cresses " which, in the main, consisted of paraphrases, from certain forgotten authors.

This book hit the average taste, in the small villages and country towns, and was nimbly pushed by judicious puffing.

Then Scrawler traveled, and became correspondent of a newspaper ; and, on his return, after two months' absence, the correspondence with additions, was published, under the taking name of " Scrambles and Scrawls in many Lands." This contained heavy drafts upon guide books, encyclopædias and old books of travel. Some of the lands described Scrawler had never visited, but his personal impressions and adventures therein were given in the most vivid manner in-

cluding interviews with leading statesmen and titled and even royal personages.

Other works followed in quick succession ; Scrawler, by pertinacity and assurance, became the favorite literary hack of the book sellers ; his nimble brain, adaptive faculties and appropriative abilities, assisted by a corps of assistants, ground out literary work at the call of the publishers, to meet the taste of the day.

Now, it was a novel illustrating the curious problems of French life ; now, it was a book of travels in Siberia ; now, it was a new life of the Christ, under a taking title ; now, it was a compendium of English literature ; now, it was an epic poem on revolutionary themes ; now, an essay on the radical tendencies of the time ; now, an attack on conservatism, as impeding the rights of man and human progress ;—Sometimes it was a new comprehensive dictionary, or a new history of the world.

Nothing was too high or too low for his genius. Tell him what you wanted and *presto!* the literary job was done, on time, according to orders. I will give you a specimen of Scrawler's battle painting in one of his works describing the battle of Bautzen.

Scrawler's only experience of military affairs had been the occasional witnessing of a military drill. That limitation, however, was no drawback to his genius, which thus thundered about the field of battle :

“ Meanwhile, the tremendous battery on the heights, as if on purpose to add horror to the scene, commenced its thunders, during the coming gloom of the scowling storm. Night and day, thereafter, the earth groaned

under its heavy and constant explosions; while the cannon of the besieged answered, till there was one succession of deafening thunder-claps over the devoted city which shook and trembled on its strong foundations! Amid storms of sleet and hail—in the full blaze of the noon-tide sun, at solemn twilight, and at deep midnight, without cessation, for an entire week, that volcano thundered on, driving sleep from the alarmed inhabitants, while the bombs hissed and blazed above their dwellings and fell in their midst; the heavy shot came crashing into their apartments, and the cry of “Fire!” rung through every street. Now, on and on, swept the mighty mass supporting the besiegers, while from every cone-like hill that dotted the plain issued fire and smoke, as if a volcano were working there. Each dark summit suddenly became illuminated, while the guns, thundering at the heads of the columns below, lead them steadily on to the shock. The earth *groaned* under that heavy weight, and the deep roar that rose from its bosom rolled in ominous echoes over the heights! Eight thousand cuirassiers encased in scintillant steel and sending back the beams of the setting sun in dazzling splendor from their polished helmets, swept with shouts to the onset. An interminable forest of bayonets glittered over their host, while between, were long moving lines of light caused by the sunbeams corruscating on glistening armor and flashing sabre and glittering helm.”

By judicious puff-balling, and by the active efforts of his fellow Puff-balls belonging to the mutual admiration literary club called the “Apple Swimmers,”

Scrawler became so magnified in the eyes of the community that he was foisted on it as an exceptional genius.

He had his likeness taken on a large scale and placed in book stores, clubs and other conspicuous places; he had himself fixed as orator for college anniversaries and charitable exhibitions, and worried the journalists into giving him, at least, a kick forward.

He made it a point to attend complimentary dinners given to prominent men and to have newspaper slips of his remarks duly distributed.

Scraps of his early verses he procured to be inserted with laudation, in periodicals, as if they were treasure trove.

If any man of eminence died, Scrawler's muse pounced upon his life and memory like a ghoul; and soon, the newspapers glowed with the poetic *epicedium* incidental to the event. Individually, nobody thought very much of Scrawler; but multitudinously, they considered him great, because it seemed to be the general opinion, and no one cared to dispute it. What he put forth, therefore, began to be considered as *hors de concours*, and not subject to criticism.

Scrawler, in fine, so worked upon the community, especially on those who did not think much about the matter, that he was accepted as the representative *litterateur* of his country.

"He must be a great man," it was currently supposed, "or one would not hear so much about him."

A recognition of his great powers was publicly made at a grand banquet set afoot by the prominent men of

his locality jogged on by Scrawler's backers; it was a great success, because everybody of local prominence subscribed, and attended, from fear that, if absent, they might lose their *prestige* as "literary" or "prominent" men.

In due time, it was urged by Scrawler's particular friends, diligently set on by himself, that there should be some national recognition of Scrawler's great efforts in the cause of literature and human progress. He was exalted as a philosopher, a historian, a poet, a humanitarian, an orator, and a statesman! "The literary community,—the republic of letters, must be recognized," it was urged.

"Where could you find a more fitting representative through whom to do it honor than Scrawler?"—"The country demanded his recognition!"

The Government, in time, was so badgered and besieged by Scrawler and his friends that it, too, became inclined to believe that Scrawler *was* a great man, and that his appointment to some foreign mission would be the most creditable and popular thing that it could do.

Scrawler, accordingly, is now abroad, as the representative of this country, at the court of Brobdingagia, and hob-nobs with titled people to his heart's content.

The last souvenir I have of Scrawler is comprehended in the following notice received by me, on the day before he sailed:

"On the occasion of the departure of the Hon. J. Shakespeare Scrawler, from Mongrelia, in the steamship "Parthia" on Saturday, March 14, the revenue cutter

"Toadeater" and the steam tender "Puffer" will accompany her to the outer light, in order to give some of Mr. Scrawler's friends an opportunity to wish him a parting "good-bye" on his departure to Europe to represent our country at the court of Brobdinagia.

"You are respectfully invited, with the members of your family, to be present.

"Invited guests will embark at 11 o'clock, promptly, and board the "Utopia" in the stream.

"SNIVELY M. LATHERS,

"To " of Committee.

"ALFRED PELICAN, Esq."

The next day I read the following account of the departure in one of the leading daily papers of Mongrelia, by the "*Fenkins*" of the journal.

"OFF IN THE UTOPIA."

"THE HON. J. SHAKESPEARE SCRAWLER'S DEPARTURE
FOR EUROPE."

"The Hon. J. Shakespeare Scrawler sailed for Europe on Saturday, by the steamer 'Utopia.' He was found a few minutes after noon in his state-room, nearly amidship the vessel, surrounded by a great number of our leading citizens, and also, by a number of friends, who had come expressly from the modern Athens, to pay their parting respects. The sharp, cold air of the river side had driven the party below decks, and it had left a faint rosy tint on the Hon. Mr. Scrawler's nose and chin.

“ ‘These are rather narrow quarters to receive in,’ said the Hon. Mr. Scrawler, with a pleasant smile, ‘but it was too cold to stay on deck.’

“ ‘And in the main saloon,’ whispered one of the Boston gentlemen, ‘Mr. Scrawler found himself annoyed by the stares of a lot of operatic people who seem to be seeing somebody off. So we came in here.’

“ ‘Yes,’ said the Hon. Mr. Scrawler, nodding his head, ‘we came in here to see our friends quietly.’

“ ‘Do you expect to be long abroad?’ asked the reporter, vaguely.

“ ‘That depends upon my Government, you know,’ responded Mr. Scrawler, with his new diplomatic smile and an elevation of the eyebrows. ‘We public men are not our own masters.’

“ ‘Are you subject to sea-sickness?’ then remarked our reporter.

“ ‘Now don’t talk of such disagreeable things,’ said the Hon. Mr. Scrawler, merrily. ‘And you,’ added he archly, ‘must not interview me. Remember that I am an author. You must never interview authors, Look at my flowers.’

“ The state-room was full of flowers. The berths, the sofa, and the circular spaces incasing the deadeyes were crammed with elaborate bouquets. Against the partition wall rested a large anchor made of white camellias and yellow roses, and on the washstand stood a floral steamship freighted with exotics, and puffing out a cloud of smoke, artfully composed of one large calla.

“ ‘Perhaps you are fond of flowers,’ said the Hon. Mr. Scrawler. ‘My friends have been so thoughtful in

that respect. Those who could not come in person to say good-bye sent these remembrances instead.'

" 'Beautiful!' said the reporter.

Bowing blandly, Mr. Scrawler stooped and pulled a yellow rosebud out of one of the anchor's flukes, and, with a frank smile that contained not the least trace of self-consequence, he pinned it to the lapel of the reporter's overcoat.

" The Hon. Mr. Scrawler wore a fur trimmed *pelisse* of a dark gray stuff, corresponding well in tone with his neatly brushed hair and whiskers. Beneath the open *pelisse* appeared a plaid cutaway coat, tightly fitting his form. A jaunty sealskin cap sat negligently upon one side of his head. His eyeglasses were gold rimmed. The attention which Mr. Scrawler received from his friends, especially those from Boston, plainly evinced the admiration with which he is regarded. When he signified that the air in the state-room was becoming oppressively warm, a dozen hands were outstretched to remove the *pelisse* from his shoulders and place it in the upper berth.

" The Hon. Mr. Scrawler's complexion is fresh and smooth for a man of his age, and his head is poised upon a neck as shapely as that of the celebrated Pan in the Vatican. There is a robust beauty in his hands and ears that indicates great inherent power. His voice is loud, but slightly musical. It is difficult to describe the grace of contour and vivacity of manner that distinguish the Hon. Mr. Scrawler above all other American publicists. No one, who gazed upon him on Saturday, could, for a moment, doubt that he is one of

the most distinguished-looking, as he is one of the most remarkable of our public men—one whom his country indeed delights to honor.

“A recent photograph, cabinet size, taken by Kurz, gives the best idea of the physical attractiveness of the Hon. Mr. Scrawler. Just before the “Utopia” left the pier he distributed several copies of this admirable likeness among his friends. Copies of the same photograph are, or ought to be obtainable at the shops of the dealers.

“As the tug left the noble ship, as she gallantly steamed on her course, three hearty cheers were given by the party of friends who returned by the tug, which were responded to, with sprightly enthusiasm, by the hundreds of passengers on the steamer. The Hon. Mr. Scrawler stood on an elevated platform on the poop of the gallant vessel, and waved his red handkerchief heartily, but with perceptible emotion. The band on the tug struck up the national anthem ‘Yankee Doodle,’ as the tug turned around on her homeward course to the city, and the health of our noble representative to Brobdinagia was drunk by the invited guests, with many a three times three, as they discussed the various good things that had been generously provided by the committee. Not an incident occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion, and all united in saying that it was not only one of the most agreeable excursions ever made in our harbor, but a fitting tribute to one of the most distinguished and high-toned of our fellow-citizens, and one at whose exalted position not only the republic of letters, but the country at large, may justly feel proud.”

FIRING AT SOME OLD IMAGES.

I have often wondered at the persistence with which divers old images retain their exalted position.

There was a whimsical fellow named Milton, for example, who is placed on a high pinnacle by reason of a poetical composition called "Paradise Lost." He had trouble to procure its publication. At first, all the remuneration he obtained was five pounds; and the copyright sold for only eight. He had not yet become an image. If alive, now-a-days, think you, would not he be troubled, although an established image, to find a purchaser? Would not a modern publisher consider that a translation illustrating the peculiar phases of modern Gallic life and character, or a romance of the English colliery pit, or race-horse school would stand a better chance to reach a second edition? This stately Epopee is a work giving food for reflection as to the lengths to which a highly sublimated and idealized imagination may transport its possessor out of the realms of the logical and the plausible.

It is an instance of the skittish Pegasus being lashed and lathered into such a state of excitement and caroling as to make him take the bit in his teeth and run away with his rider.

The earth was not extensive enough to work out our eccentric bard's conceits. He required Chaos, Heaven

and Hell, as *pieds-à-terre*; and his muse, he says, was to pursue "things unattainable, yet, in prose or rhyme." For this purpose are enlisted, as machinery and figurants, deities, angels, devils, monsters, thrones, dominions, powers and princes, as well as men, and all the above personages talk together in the English language not only on supernal, and infernal affairs, but of matters of modern history, geography, biology, philosophy and theology, long before those things became topics of conversation: in other words, they commit the most ludicrous parachronisms.

Chesterfield wrote to his booby boy that he thought the moralities of the poem queer, inasmuch as the devil is the hero of the epic, and is made quite successful. That personage, in the poem, certainly carries out his plan very thoroughly, and for the matter of that, it is supposed, does it very frequently.

I have sometimes taken up this production with a suspicion that critics have been mistaken about it, and that Milton intended it for a highly humorous and satirical composition of the burlesque order. As for the reverence and religious feeling in the book there are two sides to that question; unexampled liberties and familiarities are taken with serious things and personages, to carry out our poet's fantastical ideas and whimsical notions.

But what could you expect of a man who started a Puritan, became then a thorough-paced Calvinist; then took a strong dose of Arminianism, then flourished as an Independent, then as an Anabaptist; subsequently moved over to the Arians; and finally, threw them all

overboard and declined to worship with any sect or community, whatsoever? In other words, he preferred to paddle his own cosmogenetical and theological canoe; and a pretty mess he made of it, as exemplified in the poetical *olla podrida* alluded to.

Can anything be more humorous and fantastical, for example, than the metaphorical exordium of the poem, wherein an appeal is made to an egg-hatching spirit, who,

“From the first wast present, and with mighty
wings outspread,
Dove-like, sats’t brooding o’er the vast abyss,
And mads’t it pregnant.”

This is either the height of humor or the depth of bathos.

After considerable morbidly comic, apologetic rumblings and grumblings at the hard job he has before him, our bard introduces us to his hero, the Devil. That personage has, for an unsuccessful rebellion, been “hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,” and is now uncomfortably sitting in a furnace, as described, without bottom, but on all sides flaming with fire; he, therefore, must have been clinging to the sides like a fly; he is, moreover, bound with chains of that peculiar hitherto undiscovered substance called *adamant*; and finding himself next to his chief lieutenant, Beelzebub, who is in the same predicament, they begin a colloquy upon their uncomfortable situation, and like all convicts, under the circumstances, concoct some plan of escape. Satan, during this colloquy, to rest

himself, "lays prone on the flood of fire, with head uplift above the waves, as big as a leviathan."

He, finally, with his companion, in spite of the "adamantine chains," and without any trouble whatever, extends his wings and lights on dry land, the seat of an extinct volcano which is described as "Hell," and he takes possession of that sulphureous kingdom, with the philosophic reflection that although it is highly unattractive, it is better to reign there than serve in heaven, and that he will try his luck again with the celestial forces. With that purpose, he determines to summon again his old diabolic troops.

Beelzebub approves of the plan, and Satan moves away on a recruiting expedition; but having little confidence in Beelzebub, and from fear that that worthy might clandestinely hit him in the rear, as he moves off, he takes the precaution to hang behind him his shield, which is described as big as the moon, *when seen through a telescope*. Now this is a highly comical comparison—and is about as lucid as saying that it was as big as a piece of chalk, for it is evident to the most ordinary observer, that the size in question would depend on the magnifying power of the telescope and the optical powers of the observer.

We also are told that, as the soles of Satan's feet were somewhat tender, from walking about in that "torrid clime," he had to lean on his spear to support his "uneasy steps over the burning marl." The question here naturally presents itself, why, if he were so incapacitated from locomotion and his feet troubled him,

did not Satan take the easier method of flying, and so avoid the "burning marl?"

Our author, however, is not of a practical turn of mind, and not very ingenious in extracting his character out of physical difficulties.

His mind is too sublimated to meet the usual claims of reason, or else, it favors his characters being kept in a continual "*pickle*."

In describing the numbers of the Devil's followers, our bard uses the well-known but whimsical comparison, that they were "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa." This is a celebrated simile, deemed, in fact, quite wonderful; it has made Vallombrosa celebrated: but I ask you, calmly, to reflect as to its propriety. It is the comparison of one thing with another thing, which latter thing did not come into existence until, as geologists tell us, millions of years after the first thing. Our poet evidently introduces Vallombrosa without regard to its congruity, but because it was a good quadri-syllable, just as afterwards, in many instances, he quite as whimsically lugs in his geographical learning to make pompous mellifluous verse, as for example:

"Mombaza and Miloa, and Melind,
And Sofala, through Ophir, to the realm,
Of Congo and Angola farthest south;
Or then from Niger flood to Atlas Mount,
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus.
Morocco and Algiers and Tremisen."

As another example of this geographical style, we also read :

“ And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Morocco, or Trebisond ;
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric' shore,
When Charlemange with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia.”

Elsewhere we read :

“ Of mightiest empire from the destined walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian can,
And Sarmacand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæn kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahore of great Mogul
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Hispahan, or where the Russian czar
In Moscow, or the sultan in Bizance
Turchestan born. Nor could his eye not ken
Th' empire of Negus to his utmost port
Ercoco, and the less maritime kings,
Mombaza, and Quiloa and Melind.”

But we must pardon our distressed poet his modern comparisons and similes ; because there was actually nothing in the chaotic, incoherent, aerial and infernal wildernesses in which he was groping to make a simile with. No wonder that he had to thumb his geography and atlas for sonorous polysyllabics.

This, however, is an easy matter ; anybody can do it. I will take my Atlas and give you, with no trouble whatever, something of the same kind. I am describing for example, one of the Devil's flights, along, if you chose, the Andes :

“ Now wandering where giant Andes stretch
From Patagonia to the Carib sea—
Poised over Imbaburas smouldering pyre,
Sanga and Cayambi, or the dome
Of Chimborazo—or, on restless wing,
Where Cotopaxi sheds a liquid fire
Adown his wrinkled sides—while far beneath
His snowy girdle glistens argentine,
Or glowing like a belt of radiant gold ;
Or iris-tinted, where th' inferior heat
Resolves the streamlets loosened from his grasp ;
Which stealing down his sides, on East or West,
These, Esmeraldas, in his outflow bears,
Pacific's tribute ;—while, those,
Flowing harmonious, swelling Napo's flood
Fall smiling in the Amazon.
Now, Tuncuragua, all his thunders dead,
Welcomes thee, grimly—
Where the lone condor, mid the horrid crags
Of Cordilleras, feeds his rugged young,
And the twin ranges hold the tabled plain,
Far stretching north and south, of Desguadero ;
And mighty glaciers sleep along the ribs
Of adamantine keeps that hold within
Emerald, and gold, and wealth of Cinnabar.

Then Acon-ca-gua, giant of them all,
Beholds thee circling by his sides serate, ;
While far beyond the heights of Archidone,
And Otavala, with its forest vales,
The giant subjects of the monarch stand—
Antuco, Villarica and Maypu ;—
Breathing their fiery incense to the clouds—
And there Osorno—Tupungato there—
Towers impregnable—barriers of the sea
And guarding Valparaiso.

Or let us take the Devil, for a change of air, to the
Himalayas.

Out with our Atlas, and we have :

Now o'er the Karakoran heights,
That bound Cashmere thou gazest pendulous,
Where Riman-dahan scents his mountain prey
Amid the shivering firs and time-worn peaks
Of Himalaya—stretching far
Their hoary grandeur to where Indus winds
His tortuous course, through gorge and chasm, and bloom .
Of vales of roses, banyan, and pipal—
Ishardo and Hussora and Balmeer,—
And through the trackless deserts of Bawhlpoor,
Through Dawan, Mooltan, and the Scinde,
Down to the Indian sea.

Mais revonons a notre diable.

We are next told that he roared so loudly after his
“princes, potentates and warriors,” his co-devils, whom,

perpetrating a grim joke, he sarcastically called "the flower of heaven," that all Hell resounded with his bellowings.

So potent was his roar that the princes, potentates and warriors aforesaid, although securely transfixed with chained thunderbolts, to the bottom of the gulf, sprung up, upon the wing, like "a pitchy flock of locusts," until they finally lit on the "firm brimstone."

Our humorous bard now gives a description of this crew, who were as heterogeneous in their appearance and appurtenances as were Falstaff's recruits. First, there was Moloch, who, we are told, was covered with blood and "parents' tears!"

Now, pray, Mr. Milton, how could he be covered with parents' tears, when there were no parents in those days, and never had been? This is a sad slip. Moloch was attended by a drum corps and cymbal players.

Next came Chemos, *alias* Peor, dancing in a wanton way, like a he goat.

Then Baalim and Ashtaroth, a pair of hermaphrodite Siamese twins, who had neither gristle nor bones, and kept changing their size and shape in dilating and concentrating like sun fishes, in a most comical manner, "and either sex assumed or both." What a treasure for a traveling circus!

Then came a female warrior, Astoreth or Astarte, with a pair of horns on her head. She was at the head of the battering ram department.

Then came a fighting character, Thammuz, still suffering from a wound that "ran purple to the sea," but eager for the fray. What sea? Mr. Milton, pray, what sea?

Next we have Dagon, carrying his head under his arm, for the very satisfactory reason that he had no hands; we are also gravely told that this individual was half fish, and flopped along with his tail.

Take him all in all, he could not have been a very formidable antagonist. Next came Rimmon, who is deemed indescribable, Osiris, Iris and Orus, with a body of taterdemalion nondescripts; and then Belial supported by a noisy troop of Roysterers, in modern times familiarly known as "sons of Belial."

Next came several Ionian gods, prominent among whom is Titan with an enormous brood, and then the rank and file, who were, apparently, not in dry fighting humor, for we were told they were "downcast and damp"—which is rather strange, considering that they were standing on hot brimstone and breathing flames of sulphur; but as we have before stated, congruity is not one of our bard's strong points.

This queer army being assembled to the sound of trumpets, we are informed that a tall fellow named Azazel, hoisted Satan's flag, and the army raised their spears and shields, somebody struck up a march on the "flute," and they hobbled along "with painful steps o'er the burnt soil," while Satan, tall as a tower, stood still and counted them, although he was surrounded by a mist, and must have found it a troublesome job, under the circumstances, particularly as his face was covered with thunder scars, and an old lady named "Care" had taken her seat on his "faded cheek," to see the procession.

Satan's speech to his army, although belligerent in its

nature, could not have inspired them with much courage, for we learn that he was blubbering and groaning during his entire delivery. Afterwards in a golden tabernacle illuminated by very vivid petroleum lamps, "fed with naphtha and asphaltus"—which was ycleped Pandemonium, a solemn council was held and all the chief devils therein assembled coming like "bees in spring time," and the place being not large enough to hold them all, each gigantic imp, in a fine spirit of accommodation, contracted himself into desirable dimensions to adapt himself to the size of the building, and squatted on a golden bench.

The determination of the council held on the occasion is not a very heroic one; the conclusion being, that instead of fighting Heaven directly, they would make an attack upon its last creation, poor Adam and Eve, in Paradise, and either drive out those "puny habitants" and lay waste the newly-created earth with hell fire; or, if not that, to seduce A. and E., and bring them over to their party. This, they concluded, would surpass common revenge and would confound the race of mankind "in one root"—and mingle Earth with Hell.

This great job is undertaken by the Devil himself in person, and he directs the others to amuse themselves as best they may, while he goes about it.

The amusements, we are humorously told, consist in racing with each other on the top of whirlwinds, sham fights with sulphur and brimstone, firing rocks and hills at each other, going on voyages of discovery along the Styx and Acheron, stopping at Lethe for refreshments,

while some demons engage in philosophic discussions on Providence, free will, foreknowledge, fixed fate, passion and apathy, and other theological doctrinal abstractions.

Devils still discuss these things.

So far as the earth is concerned they are not themselves heard or seen, but perform through mundane instruments, by the process of infusion.

Doctrinal abstractions are still argued with a zeal that is blind and deaf, as well as devilish.

Nothing will stop a man's ears, close his eyes, and shut his heart so effectually as a religious conviction on a matter whose truth or falsity is not susceptible of proof.

He will argue on the basis of a prejudice, a tradition, or a fantasy, as if they were facts; and fight for his assumed dogma with more courage, zeal and energy than he would for his own temporal or spiritual salvation.

In fact, he will damn himself that he may uphold a doctrine.

I assert that Calvin is now in one of the pits of Tartarus for his horrible persecution and burning of Servetus—or ought to be—unless a devil was working in him and he was morally irresponsible. If not, let him seethe there, with Torquemada and his inquisitors, until their bloody zeal is boiled out of them.

The narrative of the expedition of Satan to the earth by our author is a fine piece of comic writing.

He starts off on wings, and in time, reaches "hell bounds," extending up to the roof of which were nine gates of different metals.

In getting out of these he had to pass, on one side, an immoral old lady who kept the keys, whose nether half resembled a fish; around her waist was a snake, and on the other side a phantasmatic individual, black as night, but without any shape, whose only amusement was pointing his dart at wayfarers and grinning horribly a ghastly smile.

Satan was so indignant at the opposition of these disreputable people that he "burned like a comet." After threatening them with confusion and frowning terribly, the old lady, who turned out to be an old sweetheart of his, finally put the key in the locks and turned the gates with a sound that shook the "lowest bottom of Erebus."

Satan's journey through the realms of chaos, night and discord was a complicated and troublesome affair; something like a frog's through a bog; for we are told that with head, hands, wings or feet, he pursues his way; "and swims, or sinks, or wades or creeps or flies." There being no guide-posts, he had to ask his way of one Uriel, whom he visited, *en route*, and who was located in the orb of the sun, and had a special charge to keep that luminary bright and in good working order.

Although Uriel, as our bard informs us, was the sharpest sighted spirit of all heaven, Satan completely outwitted him, and palming himself off as an angel of high degree, and receiving the required direction, he slid down the ecliptic, and in due time lit on Mount Niphates; and then with a hop, skip and jump at one slight bound, we are told, "overleaping all bound of

hill or highest wall " vaulted into that celebrated horticultural establishment—the garden of Eden.

Now, of the wonders of this place and of the beauty of those two wretched unclad people Adam and Eve, and of their billings and cooings, as described by our queer author, and of their enjoyment of their sports of the arena much might be said. As to the latter sports there must have been a regular performing circus, for we are told that "about them sporting,"

"The lion ramped, and in his paw

Dandled the kid ; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,

Gambol'd before him ; th' unwieldly elephant

To make them mirth used all his might, and wreathed

His lithe proboscis ;"

I say of these delights and how the happy pair trimmed the trees and indulged in light gardening, and chewed the "savory pulp of nectarines" and "scooped the running stream with the rhind" ; and how they enjoyed their nuptial bower of laurel and myrtle and alantus and roses and crocuses, which bower, we are told, was so very blessedly private that even the bugs did not dare to enter unless they were specially invited, it would be too tedious to enumerate in detail. Nor have we time to treat of the wonderful conversations on Natural History, Astronomy and Philosophy between Adam and his celestial visitors, each with a triple pair of wings and as many colors as a cockatoo.

There was one very ungallant remark, however, made by our author by the mouth of Adam, in a conversa-

tion with the archangel Raphael, which with other similar remarks deserves reprobation. It was doubtless the reason why the fair sex are indisposed to support our bard's pretensions to be a first-class "image." Adam says of Eve, when describing her to Raphael :

" For well I understand, in the prime end,
Of Nature, her *th' inferior*, in the mind
And inward faculties ;
Wisdom in discourse with her
Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shows."

Is there any wonder that, with such sentiments as these, our author's first wife, Mary Powell, refused to talk to him, and became "a mute spiritless mate" and left the conceited fellow, after a month's sojourn, for the more lively atmosphere of her cavalier father's house?

This idea of Adam beginning to set himself up as the superior being, when the world was hardly a year old, is doubtless, to the female mind, preposterous, and one of the most absurd things in the book.

No wonder that our poet's daughters, who had to act as amanuenses of such horrible diatribes against the sex, used to flounce out of the room, and tell him that he had better get a third wife to do his dirty work ; and so indeed he did ; but number *three* very soon gave him to understand who was the superior being in *that* house at least.

Among Raphael's conversations with Adam we have an account of some of the terrible bloodless battles

which culminated in Satan's defeat, and his ignominious ejection from the high circles in which he had at first moved.

The very comical part of these battles is that the combatants on either side, although they were armed with all sorts of terrible weapons and defensive armor, were incapable, from their spiritual constitution, of either giving or receiving injury. Our author quietly and somewhat obscurely informs us of this in a sort of "aside." He evidently found the matter was a troublesome one to handle.

The celestial forces assembled at the sound of a loud ethereal trumpet, and, under the leadership of field marshals Gabriel, Michael and Abdiel, marched on the air, to meet Satan's troops, who are armed and equipped with offensive and defensive implements of the most approved modern description.

We are next entertained with a humorous description of a hand-to-hand combat between Satan and Abdiel, Satan being particularly moved thereto by A. stepping out of the opposing ranks and calling him, S., a fool; Satan, having no sooner spiritedly responded that he, A., was another, than A. let him, S., have a terrific whack on his cranium, that knocked him back ten feet, amid loud cheers from the celestial ranks.

Before Satan, however, could get in his "*one, two,*" in return, Michael ordered a general advance, which mutually took place and made such a "horrid shock, clamor of storming fury and horrible discord" that our poor poet fairly sweats under it, for a simile.

The best he can do for us is to say that "all Heaven

resounded, and had Earth been there, Earth *would*, (in his opinion), have resounded too," and "to her centre shook."

We are then, with a fine burlesque humor, and a beautiful use of the figure, termed by rhetoricians, metonymy, told that the wheels of the brazen chariots got "mad" and "raged around"; that fiery darts "hissed about in flaming volleys"; that fire "raged overhead"; that arms and armor clashed and "brayed"; that the fight was sometimes on firm ground and sometimes on the wing, so that the very air was tormented and "*storming fury*" rose and got out of the way! Amid all this dangerous concentration of destructive forces, we are informed that among the angelic people there was "no thought of flight, none of retreat, no unbecoming deed that argued fear, and that deeds of eternal fame were done."

Our high appreciation of this heroic courage and exalted action is somewhat diminished by the reflection that neither spirits celestial nor infernal "could receive, in their liquid texture, mortal wound no more than could the "fluid air," and that they "limbed themselves as they pleased," and "color and or size assume, as likes them best, condense or rare." Their courage, therefore, does not seem of a very heroic grade; but our poet likes to describe massive shields and thundering chariots and flaming spears and terrific combats, and, in fact, if he were deprived of the bellicose elements of his piece it would be rather tame, for, I am sure, one would tire of hearing about the angels "reclining at banquets crowned with flowers," and "drinking

wine from grapes grown in Heaven out of goblets made of pearl and gold and diamonds."

While these terrible operations were going on F. M. Michael was, with a huge two-handed sword, felling whole squadrons at once. Insomuch, however, as they immediately got on their legs and wings again, the results were not very conclusive. Satan, however, thinking that Michael had obtained glory enough from his sword exercise, interposed one of his celebrated shields, which, we are now told was a "rocky orb of tenfold adamant." And each of the heroes now thinking to frighten the other, "waved their fiery swords," and in the air made "horrid circles."

Soon, however, Michael, whose sword had been made in a superior armory, cut Satan's sword in two, and pricked that gentleman under the fifth rib and then sliced him clean into halves.

But now, mark the resources of the poet; although he tells us that the "girding sword with discontinuous wound passed through" our hero, yet "th' ethereal substance closed, not long divisible," and Satan was, in a few minutes quite himself again, although somewhat demoralized.

Moloch, too, although cloven to the chine by Gabriel, nimbly united himself, but being rather troubled by the operation, "fled bellowing!"

Meanwhile, Adramelech and Asmodeus got all they wanted from Ariel and Raphael; and the doughty Abdiel, in his turn, made short work of Ariel, Arioch, and Ramiel, which latter individual he not only cut into mince meat, but scorched and roasted on the spot!

Things were now looking rather black for the Devil's party, but night came on and made a truce. Satan thereupon made a speech of encouragement to his forces, urging them, as nobody was hurt, to try it again; and sagaciously remarked that, since it was found that their empyreal forms were incapable of mortal injury, and "though pierced with wounds, soon closing, and by native vigor healed," under the circumstances, they could afford to be courageous and try a little more fighting.

As more forcible arms, however, were considered necessary, it was suggested, in one of the most comical conceptions of the poem that, as fire and brimstone, and cold steel had not succeeded that the Devil's legions should try cannon and gunpowder!

We are gravely told that, thereupon, the spirits of evil went to work, and digging out of the ground nitre and sulphur, concocted gunpowder and made hollow engines, long and round which they then rammed and "made pregnant with infernal flame."

From a triple mounted row of these "pillars laid on wheels," on the application to each, of a reed tipped with fire, a terrible fusilade was opened on the celestial ranks, which had come unsuspectingly near, and had merely anticipated the usual harmless sword and spear exercise. The effect of the artillery was terrible, indeed, and our poet racks his imagination for words and similes to do it justice. In a magnificent strain of hyperbole and some fine physiological figures, he tells us that all Heaven seemed "belched out of those deep-throated engines"; their roar fairly "*took the bowels out of the air,*

and tore its (the air's) *entrails and scattered them*;" "the sky seemed to rain chained thunderbolts and iron globes"; the celestial fighters "though standing else like rocks" were, by the engines aforesaid, knocked over like nine-pins, and thousands of angels on angels rolled, more scared than they had ever been before or since.

"Foul dissipation" followed, we are told, and a forced rout of the celestial army.

What was now to be done? Was the Devil to triumph through gunpowder and the whole scheme of creation and its consequences to be set at nought by villainous nitre and saltpetre? Not so: our poet was equal to the occasion; he had not exhausted his resources; he had a trump card yet in store.

The celestial party threw away their arms and "light as the lightning glimpse" they ran to certain hills conveniently near, which, with their load of rocks, waters, and woods, they plucked from their foundations and hurled them at the wooden artillery; they hurled, also, main promontories which opened whole armed legions, and crushed them until they had time to resume their shapes again.

The other side, also, now found it necessary to try the same heavy ammunition "and the neighboring hills encountered the other hills in air" "with a jaculation dire" and, of course, under the circumstances, "horrid confusion upon *confusion* rose," and all Heaven would surely have gone to wrack, had not some higher celestial machinery interfered and a superior divinity in a chariot was sent forth armed with a bow and quiver, abundantly supplied with "three-bolted thunder," to

pursue those sons of darkness. This chariot rolled, as with the sound "of torrent floods, and the whole empyrean *shook* throughout, under the burning wheels."

No wonder that, at this strange sight the uprooted hills now "*retired each to his place.*"

Ten thousand thunderbolts were now let loose on the rebels, which soon "rooted them out of Heaven" and drove them into the bottomless pit. "*Old Chaos confounded, roared,*" and Hell, although it at first objected and *tried to run away*, at last, under outside pressure, *yawning*, received the whole flying multitude within her dark foundations, and disburdened Heaven rejoiced, and soon *repaired her mural breech!*

WHEW! *Phew!* says the reader, with a sigh of relief, as he emerges from this sulphureous, pyroligneous, hill-throwing conflict.

It is a relief, after the above, to step into the garden of Eden, and hear the birds sing, and inhale the odor of the shrubs and flowers, violets and hyacinth, and Asphodel and amaranth.

It would be a long story, however, to follow our poet into all the details of life in Paradise, and review with him the contemptible, sneaking, operations of Satan in circumventing our unsuspecting female parent as she was taking a quiet morning walk in the groves.

I am sorry to record that according to our ungallant bard, flattery working upon the love of admiration, was the instrumentality employed to decoy the original female, who became seized with a desire to extend her sphere of conquest under the influence of the following diabolic words used by the insinuating fiend:

“One man except,
Who sees thee? and what is one? who should'st
be seen
A goddess among gods! adored and served
By angels numberless, thy daily train.”

We might here stop to moralize over the fact that this process of the Evil One is still kept up, in spite of the lapse of ages.

He has, still, the meanness, instead of openly fighting man, to undermine him through man's susceptibility towards Eve's fair representatives.

The diabolical performances of the Garden of Eden still repeat themselves.

The morbid curiosity to know and find out, the restless taste to eat what is forbidden, and the desire to be admired by somebody beside “Adam,” even if he is the devil himself, seem to be still characteristics of the “weaker vessel”—and, what is more—the power still remains to influence and drag in poor Adam's descendants even to their own perdition.

The flaming sword of Gabriel, the curative influence of time, the certainty of retribution, the denunciations of the old, and the lessons of the new teaching, the warnings of experience, and the lucubrations of philosophy do not seem to have altered this, one jot or tittle.

As a first effect of the eating of the fruit, we are told, that,

*“Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan.”*

The effects of the eating of the fruit upon the transgressors also were quite remarkable, although not quite so terrible; I refer the reader to the poem for further light on the subject.

Our poet would better have left these latter effects for such a realist as his brother poet Bocaccio to describe.

The winding up of the events treats of mutual reproaches between the parties. Eve gives Adam a sound lecture for not having prevented her from gratifying her curiosity and getting into such a scrape; at which poor Adam moralizes thus:

“Thus it shall befall

Him, who, to worth in women ever trusting,
Lest her will rule, restraint she will not brook,
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.”

Adam, you were right! The doom you pronounced has fallen, and the curtain lecture often testifies to the irrationality or—may I say it?—the want of justice of Eve’s descendants.

“*I told you so*,” is the thunderbolt they let fly at man’s devoted head, after he has been over-persuaded to let them have their own way, and follow their extravagant inclinations.

“*It’s all your fault*” is the logical diatribe they apply to heal his troubles brought on by their own insensate determination. And yet, in these latter days, in spite of this terrible story and its consequences, they arrogate

superiority, and claim that they are qualified to control social, moral, and even political affairs—"Credat Judæus Apella!"

We are next told that Satan gave a grand congratulatory banquet in Pandemonium, to celebrate his victory over Earth and Heaven.

Among the distinguished persons present were those abstract individuals called "thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers."

The chair was taken, at an early hour, by Satan himself.

He gave a full *résumé* of his famous expedition, and boasted how, on account of a paltry fruit, he had made celestial powers give up to him, while all the punishment for the temptation, had been imposed upon a beggarly snake.

In spite of Satan's eloquence, our bard informs us that his speech was received with a universal hiss, and the meeting broke up in disorder.

The reason his audience hissed was a very good one; they were inclined to endorse his sentiments, but, while doing so, by some *hocus pocus*, were turned into snakes, and were obliged to hiss him *nolens volens*. This is a comic incident that would make an excellent scene in a pantomime.

Our bard, now, in order to give another dig at the sex makes poor Adam instead of bearing up like a man, when the time came for him to move, ungallantly vituperate Eve; among other things, he calls her a "woman," a "snake," and a "crooked rib," and our bard absurdly grumbles that the Deity did not

“ Fill the world at once
With men as angels, without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind !”

He also remarks that her serpentine form and snake-like ways will show to future ages her inward fraud, to warn all creatures from her.

This is awful language ! What wonder that our bard’s female relatives all quarrelled with him, and forsook his house for other quarters.

Eve, however, had recourse to the usual snaky operation of tears, and after a moderate amount of wheedling, poor Adam had the bit put in his mouth and became as submissive a tool *in female hands* as he and his descendants were and shall be, evermore !

After a long colloquy with the archangel Michael, who superintended the ejection proceedings and who recommends them to take a more cheerful view of things, the pair, without giving further trouble, departed, under view of a troop of cherubim who had come to see what was going on, just as the neighbors throw up the windows and the boys gather in the trees when a funeral is in operation.

Our poet concludes with a burst of practical philosophy that, “ although some natural tears they dropped,” they soon got over that, and as they concluded the world was all before them, were soon on the *qui vive*, for a comfortable location.

When Candide is at the house of Senator Pococurante, at Venice, perceiving a “ Milton,” he asked the

Senator, who was of the *nil admirari* order, if he did not regard that author as a great man. "What!" said Pococurante, "that barbarian who makes a long commentary of the first chapter of Genesis, in ten books of grating lines; that coarse imitator of the Greeks, who caricatures the creation, and who, while Moses represents the Eternal being as creating the world by word of mouth, causes the Messiah to take out a large compass from a closet in the Heavens, in order to plan out the work! I esteem the man who has botched the Hell and the Satan of Tasso, who disguises the Devil sometimes as a frog, sometimes as a dwarf, and makes him dispute on theology? * * * * *

Neither myself nor anybody in Italy can swallow such ridiculous extravaganzas. The marriage of Sin and Death and the Adders of which Sin is delivered are enough to turn the stomach of any man of delicate taste; and his long description of a hospital would only suit a ditch scraper. Why, sir, that muddy, absurd and disgusting poem was despised at its birth. I treat it to-day as it was treated in its own country by its contemporaries." "Oh, what a great man!" said Candide to himself, "what a great genius is this Pococurante,—nothing can please him!"

I heard a loud spoken man, of an independent turn of thought, speaking at my literary club, lately, of the great German image Goethe, and the boldness of this man's speech about this great Image, I must confess, astounded me; I shuddered at the sacrilegious attack.

The auditors looked aghast and were too much astonished to reply.

This Iconoclast spoke somewhat in this wise :

"This man, Goethe, forsooth, must be put on a pinnacle, for all time, because, at different periods of his life, composing dribblets of his play called *Faust*, he, at last, after more than thirty years hard brain-pummeling, put it together and issued it as an original production."

"Any man could write a first-class play if you give him thirty years to do it in ; especially could he do it, if the same subject had been handled by upwards of thirty different writers before him, whose merits he could imitate and faults avoid."

"The characters of Faust, Wagner, the Black Dog, and Mephistophiles, the revels of the Walpurgis night on the Blocksberg, the witches, and the imps, the cats and the devils, were all stale affairs found in the old legends and puppet plays, and presented by prior writers in many shapes."

"The puppet plays echoed and vibrated in many tones through my mind,' says Goethe himself. Calderon de le Barca, the Spaniard, in his '*Magico Prodigioso*,' and Marlowe, in his '*Tragical Life and Death of Dr. Faustus*,' were both *quasi* originators of the Faustus."

"Those compositions also were poetic jumbles of the celestial, diabolical, philosophical, magical, mystical and fantastical order ; and had even in them a feminine *desideratum* as a moving game of the action—the prototype of Margaret in the German play."

“ Heyne wrote of the production.” ‘ There are fine passages in it, but with them, there are such things as only he could give to the world who takes all other men to be blockheads!’ And yet to admire it became the fashion. Its very absurdities, extravaganzant insults to common sense and impudent innovations made it sought after. ‘ This work,’ wrote a Goethe enthusiast, ‘ raised Goethe to the highest pinnacle of fame, and he was universally acknowledged to be the first poet of his age.’ ”

“ Ever since the play was written, although the plot and characters were palpable enough, people have been groping for some hidden meaning, especially in the gibberish parts.”

“ One proper says, ‘ It appeals to all minds with the irresistible fascination of an eternal problem.’ ”

“ Goethe never thought much of himself, and if he had not been so beslobbered with laudation, as he was, by Charles Augustus and the rest of the Lilliputian court at Weimar, he might never have found out that he was a great man.”

“ ‘ People come and ask me what idea I have embodied in Faust,’ says he, ‘ as if I knew myself and could express it,—‘ from heaven across the world to hell!’ that might answer if need were.’ At another time he said of it ‘ it is fantastic stuff, and transcends all ordinary sentiment;’ at another, ‘ they have now been tormenting themselves for nearly thirty years with the broomsticks of the Blocksberg and the cat dialogue of the witches kitchen, but they have never yet rightly suc-

ceeded in interpreting and allegorizing that dramatic humoristic nonsense.' ”

“ Why, to the ordinary common sense observer there is no ambiguity or mystery in the matter.”

“ A worn out student, tired of study, wants to ‘ see life,’ and gets the Dévil to assist him, for the price of his soul. Part of the fun is the cozening of a poor German girl ! There are a few imps, witches, broomsticks, cats and demons thrown in as a garnish to the dish.”

“ This is all there is, substantially, of this literary *olla podrida*.”

“ Anybody but a brain-twisted, metaphysical, nebulous, mystery-loving German could get the above plot in his head and understand it.”

“ But no,—Mynheer must needs cudgel his brains to find some metaphysical, psychological, biological enigma in it. Unless a thing is supposed to have a puzzle or a paradox in it your German finds it *fade*.”

“ He must eat his cabbage rotten or not at all.”

“ He wants the metaphysical *stingo*, even in his literary *sauer-krout*.”

“ Who now a book of moderate sense will read,
Such works are held as antique and hoary,
And as regards the younger folk, indeed,
They never yet have been so pert and saucy.”

“ So writes the author, in the mouth of one of his personages, and this, probably, is the key note of the jargon and gibberish used in parts of the play.”

"If it had been made less fantastic and more lucid, the saucy youth would not have thought it so wonderful."

"Common sense had become 'antiquate and hoary.'"

"The conversation between the Supreme being and the Devil," continued the loud-speaking man, "is a nice piece of literary impudence. The scene is a mere plagiarism from the first part of the book of Job, wherein the Almighty authorizes the Devil to tempt Job. The Devil is made to offer *to bet the Lord*, that he, the L., cannot prevent Faust from getting into his, the D.'s clutches."

"The bet having been 'taken,' the Devil's soliloquy after the colloquy, is a particularly decorous and reverential piece of writing."

'I like, at times, to hear the Ancient's word,
And have a care to be most civil,
It's really kind of such a noble Lord,
So humanly to gossip with the Devil.'

"And this kind of fantastic drivel has put this production at the head of German, philosophic, poetic and dramatic literature. Its precedence and fame accuse that literature of poverty—*mais, 'Dans le royaume des aveugles les borgnes sont les rois!'*"

"I say," continued the loud-speaking man, "that if this writer's eminence is claimed for him as the original composer of the dramatic farrago called Faust, his claim is not a well based one." At this he looked around savagely, but all were too much astonished to say a word.

"The composition, whatever its merits, is nothing but a rehash of what thirty minds had prepared before him, with some additional fantastic trimmings put in to stimulate the thick German palate." After this remark, the Iconoclast put on his hat, and abruptly left the room, with a determined air. Another Iconoclast, encouraged by the apparent easy victory of the first, then began the following diatribe:

"There are two Italian writers that, it seems to me, have been made images of long enough. Why that mass of chimerical absurdity, called '*Orlando Furioso*,' should have entitled Ariosto to be dubbed '*Il Divino*,' and placed his crowned bust and effigy in concert saloons and on theatre curtains is a mystery to me."

"It is a tissue of 'Mother Goose' and 'Jack, the Giant Killer' nonsense, and no modern writer of similar stuff could get a publisher to listen to him."

"Why, even in the author's own time, Cardinal d'Este, his patron, treated the poem with contempt, and turned the poet, very properly, out of his house. 'Where the devil did you get all that trash from, Mes-ser Ludovico?' exclaimed the old Cardinal, after perusing a volume of it, and returning it to the poet, who had his mouth and ears gaping to receive laudation."

"There is another pretender rated as an Italian classic, called Bocaccio. The apotheosis of this filthy, shallow fellow by the Italian people fills me with wonder, and gives me a contempt for their literary and moral judgment. In fact, their literature, in general, is flimsy stuff."

"Most of this fellow's low stories that have made a

classic of him, were stolen from Apuleius and other old writers; others would not be admitted to-day in a low newspaper."

"As to reflective or reasoning power, originality of ideas or poetic imagination, he has no more than a dried fish. He is a prominent blackguard and nothing more."

"For myself," said this Iconoclast, "I am getting tired of hearing about many of these old images. Libraries are full of such antiquated imposters."

"They have acquired a sort of *status*, by long sufferance and general acquiescence. It is time they were exploded."

"There are more brains in one standard 'Review' of the present day, than in the accumulated works of a dozen of these overrated fossils."

On enquiry as to the character and conditions of these two Iconoclasts after they had left the room, I found that one was the writer of several unsuccessful plays, and the other was an occasional writer for the Reviews and Magazines.

BLOWING YOUR OWN TRUMPET.

Before Gunpowder and Printing became kings, rank and position were achieved through daring and physical prowess—sometimes through the accumulation of gold and its workings.

The achievement of greatness, however, through the process of *blowing one's own trumpet* seems to have been in ancient or mediæval times unknown—printing was required for its full development.

This musical accomplishment is not a difficult one. Success in it has three factors.

First.—Some knowledge of the art of blowing.

Second.—An unshakeable degree of assurance.

Third.—Persons gullible enough to listen to the music.

Successful blowing requires some knowledge of humanity, and but little intellectual development or moral courage.

The trumpeter generally blows behind a screen,

Some people are too modest to blow, and shrink from the sound.

Some people have a whimsical sentiment, called self-respect, and it prevents them from blowing. Some people are so proud that they will not condescend to blow their own trumpets, but expect other people to do so for them.

All such people, at the present day, whatever their merits, may be considered practically, as failures.

Modesty is a praiseworthy flower; all who see it might appreciate, but few who would appreciate see it. That which makes its beauty makes its concealment. Like a night plant it shrinks under the garish day.

Merit that is modest, amid the shoving and jostling of the throng, is left behind or trampled under foot. Sometimes it is perceived, drawn out and placed in the front—but rarely; generally, even genius will perish from neglect unless it assert itself and cry aloud; and he who merely cries aloud will often usurp the place that really belongs to genius.

A Frenchman has said that, in every profession, that which is the least worthy to appear, is always that which presents itself with the most impudence.

Doubtless, mere pretention to a quality will often give credit for its possession. The most successful trumpet blowers, however, are those who appear not to be blowing.

They will perform under some guise that conceals their real action. Sometimes they profess to be philanthropists, and are notoriously active in humane purposes.

Sometimes they assume the garb of reform, and clamor at abuses that they may use them as stepping stones; they will join in a popular hue and cry, to catch a thief, but make no dangerous or troublesome efforts to hold or punish him. Any personal sacrifice is not in their decalogue. They do not care to better the world, but to use it.

The religious field is also a fine one; it is one in which the trumpet blowers can play their airs with least interruption and with most effect, and enables them to extend far and wide their influence.

As a patriot, also, the trumpet blower is quite successful. His blasts in this guise are of a fine heroic order; they are heard amid the largest audiences, and his variations on the great themes of Liberty, Country and Human rights are far resounding.

This may be paraphrased in verse:

As patriot now, he smirks, and bows and bribes,
And to all principles, in turn, subscribes;
Of people's rights and wrongs he sternly bawls,
"Awake! Awake!" the downtrod masses calls;
Denounces those in power as arrant thieves—
Calls for reform, and for his country grieves—
While he, the nimblest trimmer of the day,
Wants but the chance to be still worse than they.
So, want of power oft makes those wondrous good
Who'd reign like very Neros, if they could;
Who virtues claim, when placed in humble stations,
But shake them off, when great—like poor relations.

There is a quality the self-trumpeter must above all discard, in order to be successful, that is sincerity; the possession of this faculty would be a serious drawback to him. In order that his music may be effective, he will have to conceal his own character and motives, bow to pride, flatter the vain, and truckle to humanity gen-

erally. He will have to assume to be what he is not, and deny to others what they are entitled to.

In other words, to be a really great self-trumpeter, he will have to be a hypocrite and a detractor. As his moral sensibility is small, however, this will not hinder him; besides, the blasts of his own trumpet will be so loud that they will generally drown to his own ear the sounds made by others.

There is one curious phase of self-trumpeting occasionally adopted as being the least troublesome, and which is sometimes quite as effective as the blatant style; it may be termed *still-blowing*. This kind of trumpeter assumes an imposing and pretentious attitude, puts on looks of deep meaning, carries himself with an air of lofty superiority, but utters no sound. However, his look, manner, and air are so imposing, and his superiority apparently so conceded and so boldly arrogated, that the observer is led to suppose that the superiority must exist and the merit be great; and, in fact, that the very high degree of merit possessed, makes the possessor disdainful of any effort to render manifest what all must be aware of. Does not every person recall great silent magnates, censors, and arbiters, whose imposing silence based on ignorance, was all that made them great?

“ There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a willful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit.
O! my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing."

One of the most successful trumpeters of the active description that has fallen under my observation was a citizen of Mongrelia, named Hazy, Salmon J. Hazy. Hazy was a self importation from a New England village. His parents were poor but acute, and constantly impressed that latter quality upon little Salmon. Salmon drank it all in, and it grew with him. After Salmon had graduated from teaching the district school, and from putting up imitation groceries at the country store, and had comfortably located his parents in the country poor-house, he thought that he would seek his fortune in one of the large cities. He did so, and selected Mongrelia.

After divers obscure situations, Salmon, in time, obtained one in a mercantile house of large dealing. His position was a very subordinate, almost a menial one, but he thought it now his time and opportunity to play on the trumpet, for which he had a natural instinct.

He, accordingly, began his music on the head clerk, and by ingenious contrivances caused divers small anecdotes of his, Salmon's, industry and business qualifications to be brought to the clerk's ears.

These things, aided by timely flattery and obsequiousness, brought their fruits, and Salmon received speedy promotion. He now tried a higher tone. The head of the firm was a vestryman of a prominent church,

and his daughter there taught Sunday-school. She was a person of strong religious proclivities, more particularly as she was plain in appearance and slightly deformed. She was, severely animadvertory on the young men of the day, who neglected her, and whom she therefore characterized, generally, as scapegraces and vagabonds. Salmon found that she was possessed of a small patrimony besides having pleasing pecuniary prospects. He accordingly adjusted his trumpet to a religious "stop" and began a psalm.

He applied to the clergyman for labor in the "cause," imparted to him his earnest spiritual convictions, and ascribed them as results of the Reverend man's admirable sermons to young men.

The clergyman lauded his zeal, exhibited him to his friends and gave him a class for religious instruction.

It will be observed that Salmon ingeniously caused the clergyman to blow his, Salmon's trumpet for him. With such endorsement Salmon had no great difficulty in establishing a sympathetic acquaintance with Miss van Scraps, at the Sunday-school, and by dint of blowing several airs illustrative of his abnegation of worldly pleasures and his taste for superlunary matters, with some pretty variations suggestive of the goodness, intellectual and personal charms of Miss van Scraps, he soon came to a secret sentimental understanding with that young person, which, although opposed by stern parents, soon got to such a head that Salmon J. Hazy, in due time, became possessed of his well-to-do Dulcinea, and wrote himself junior partner in the house of van Scraps, Shuttle & Co.

After considerable additions to his savings, Mr. Hazy cut loose from the dry good business and established himself as a financier, and the house of Hazy & Co. became a prominent one in business circles.

Hazy wined and dined prominent monied men and statesmen and noblemen on their travels, also local politicians and railroad magnates and railroad wreckers, and loose journalists and peripatetic speculators, and expanded to them upon the possessions, influence and financial eminence of Hazy & Co., all of which he caused to be duly chronicled by the public press. He also purchased shares in a leading newspaper in order that his trumpeting might have a sure vehicle to the ear of the community.

He attended all public banquets and anniversaries, and became an active member of literary, scientific and antiquarian societies, so as to keep himself fully before the public, and the house of Hazy & Co. properly advertised. The house became the standing treasurer of all the prominent charitable and religious associations it could lay hands on ; by dint of advertising, subscribing, puffing, wriggling, and general trumpeting the house of Hazy & Co. became the bankers of the general government and received the confidence of the community.

One very great and successful principle guided them in the conduct of their business. They never refused to take in money, when offered them, no matter what their financial outlook or expectations of returning it.

It is true, the house failed, several times, but three successive bankruptcy discharges whitewashed them

handsomely, and some fine blasts on the trumpet, restored the confidence of the victims.

Hazy now became a politician and trumpeted loudly in political circles. He became a standing chairman at general reform meetings, but bided his time before he jumped on either partisan side of the fence.

Finally, getting sure indications of the voting result in a controlling State, he took sides with the party likely to win, and sent a check for \$10,000 to a newspaper with a statement that it was for the service of the party to which he now gave his decided adhesion, with a rehearsal of his principles and divers patriotic trumpetings on the high duties and noble mission of the citizen of the day.

The magnificent donation and the accompanying music were duly noticed in his party journals. Hazy became a great political light, but, *the check was never paid*. He, now, also thought it well to be looked up to as a great leader and thinker in church matters. It is true, his various failures in business, at times, swallowed up church or charitable funds under his charge, but, his high reputation for respectability and church orthodoxy carried him through, and he managed always to place the blame on other shoulders.

Hazy was an ardent believer in the French maxim, "*Beaucoup de bruit beaucoup de fruit*." He believed that lies were sufficient to breed opinion and that opinion brings substance. In due time, therefore, by the successful pursuit of his peculiar accomplishment he became a leading citizen, a trusted financier, and a successful placeman.

He married his daughters, handsomely, on the strength of the large fortunes they were to have. The sons-in-law are still looking for the fortunes—expecting them when the estate is *settled*.

Trumpet-blowing was kept up by Hazy after his demise. His will, after munificent provisions for his family, donated many legacies to distinguished people and influential acquaintances, and to a great number of charitable institutions. There were also heavy devises for the foundation of a church, a public library, and a lunatic asylum. Also, for a huge mausoleum subsequently erected with a laudatory epitaph of the deceased's many acquirements and virtues. Curiously enough, on the face of the obelisk, the sculptor placed two long trumpets *saltier* pointing to the skies. The money realized by the executors was not enough to pay the debts, so they had to pay for the obelisk out of their own pockets, as they had ordered it before they grasped the situation.

Hazy may be still trumpeting around among the elect, in the transition state, awaiting preferment, and explaining to them that he, Hazy, is entitled to a superior position among the Cherubim.

He, at any rate, was a very successful man on earth. Possibly St. Peter may find him out.

ON PRETENTIOUS NOMENCLATURE.

Of course, names are a necessity. People cannot be designated numerically. There must be also, as civilization advances, population increases and intercourse progresses, something more than local, personal or family attributes to distinguish individuals.

As those of the same *soubriquet* increase in a locality, there is required individual designation, and the *soubriquet* is converted into a nomen and a prenom added.

The inconvenience of a continuous series of mere nomens is illustrated in the "ap" or "son of" of the Welchman. Evan ap Jenkins, ap Hugh, ap Morgan, ap David, ap Owen, ap Jones, is an inconveniently over-named individual, with nothing much to distinguish him; for, in the locality where he lives almost every man he meets is either an Evans, a Jenkins, a Morgan, a Davidson or a Jones, who rings the changes, himself, on those names, *mutatis mutandis*.

This, however, is pure simplicity. It is of Arcadian descent, and partakes not of the pretention hereinafter referred to.

The names we find among the modern civilized Indians afford a sorry illustration of their decadence from the glory, vigor, and independence of their race, as indicated by their names when warriors and wanderers of the forest. John Greenblanket, Jack Halffoot, Peter

Silvernail, are in strong contrast with “*Yah, yah-Tus-tanga*—The Great Sun;”

“*Arra-ha-wi-ka-ma-ga*—The man that can die;” and

“*Mian-non-to-no-so-mah*—The wolf that howls.”

These names may come under the head of pretentious nomenclature; but the Indian was supposed to live up to his name; it had an object as well as a meaning.

The English, above all people, are the slaves of small conventionalism. They are its social puppets, and although losing individuality and independence by it, they bow to the yoke, and are so conceited in their servitude that they consider as inferior those that are not in the same condition.

Subserviency to rank for many centuries has created this condition, under a permanent aristocracy who make themselves samplers and standards to those beneath. These latter, in turn, become dictators to those lower in the scale. All rules of social conduct are supposed to have a *fiat* from a superior condition, and there is a general rolling of the eyes upward, by all the links of the chain except the highest, who, generally, as heads of the church and heads of society, look down on the rest as inferior beings.

They are great social critics, those English, rather of the relation and *modus* of things than their substance; and not of things, intrinsically, but as to their being *pro* or *con* their own prejudices or habits, which are deified as standards.

The conventionalism of the Englishman is particularly manifested in the matter of names.

The American Anglo-Saxon, with a proper simplicity and modesty, which prohibit him from intruding himself or his belongings unnecessarily upon the attention of others, instead of writing all his appellations when he designates himself gives his surname with merely the initial of the others.

Even the great men of Rome—imperial rulers and illustrious authors, statesmen and warriors—refrained from setting forth their entire nomenclature.

Did not Virgil dub himself merely P. Virgilius Maro? and Horace, Q. Horatius Flaccus? Publius Cornelius Scipio Æmilianus Africanus, Minor, did not ostentatiously spread all that before the community, but simply called himself P. Cornelius Scipio Æmilianus, A.M. Even great Cæsar did not bother the Romans with his first appellation, but was satisfied, although a world conqueror, with simple C. Julius Cæsar.

So the Anglo-Saxons of the Western Hemisphere do not impose their entire appellation upon mankind.

They naturally suppose, so long as their designation is sufficiently made out, by the use of their nomen and an initial prefix, that it makes no difference to the world what their other names are, and that it is unnecessary, indecorous and absurd to intrude them on the community.

George Passmaquoddy Jones is sufficiently and properly promulgated as G. P. Jones. Such abbreviation is in harmony with the utilitarian principle that governs this practical and serious age. Besides being, in an æsthetic aspect, more simple, modest, and Dorically elegant.

Is there any doubt that if G. P. J. were to inflict his "Passmaquoddy" on his friends but that they would resent it as an arrogant intrusion?

So my friend Fungus, was contented, for half a century, with the initials E. T. as a prefix. Since their return from Europe, however, his wife, who went through two weeks of a London season, insists upon the expanded designation of "Mr. and Mrs. Eliphalet Titcomb Fungus" being placed upon her cards.

So another acquaintance, who was barbarously christened Appolos Polycarp Raddle, shrinks modestly into A. P. Raddle, and his brother O. S. no one would suspect of having the Arcadian prefixes of "Orange Silvanus" to his name; and yet, this modesty, this manliness in the above regard, is absolutely made the subject of criticism and ridicule by our pretentious cousins on the other side of the water.

Those slaves of a miserable conventionalism deride our short, crisp initial letters, and laugh at them as absurd national characteristics.

They do not, forsooth, like Zadok V. Peabody, or Increase P. Pepper, or P. Andronicus Nash, or Uriah B. Grubb, or Enoch T. Dusenbury, or Ebenezer L. Buffum, or Ossian P. Flipper or Jerome B. Coffin! What would these minions of conventionalism have? Would they restrict us to but one name, or would they have us converts to the pretentious conventionalism of indicting, at length, all one's appellations.

Let us look at the practical effect of their side of the question—what do these critics themselves? What do you think of a man designated for time and eternity by

the ridiculous name of "Gulch" writing his communications over the signature of Augustus Harry Rufus Higgenbotham Gulch? Is there not pretention for you, and a useless taking up of your and my time in learning that the man's name is Augustus and Harry and Higgenbotham, when his identity might be sufficiently and fully established by his calling himself publicly A. H. R. H. Gulch? Let him keep his "Harry" and his "Higgenbotham" for his intimate friends, if he chooses, but he has no business to impose them upon you and me.

There is another individual—a poet in the magazines—who must needs announce to the world that his crude hyperbolics, and whining vageries are the offspring of the genius of "Henry Talbot Plantaganet Dobson!" Will his "Talbot" and "Plantaganet" suffice to save his jingling platitudes from the fire kindler and the rag-picker?

When an English puff-ball comes to this country to barter his titled prospects for a fortune, think you, his card, with the nomenclature

"Herbert Algernon Fitzboodle Scraggsby,
Royal Bugaboos, Scraggsby Hall,"

upon it, will prevent him from being deemed what, in his own language, is expressed as a "cad"?

And yet this fellow will travel on his nomenclature, with nothing to back it, and rely upon it as sufficient to pull him through life.

It will not do outside of England, my noble Briton. There may be a potency in mere names. Jingling syllables may tickle the title worshippers and tuft hunters; here, however, you must take the man. His name is an appendage to him, not he to the name; and he gives you no more of it than is necessary for his designation. If you sneer at him, therefore, it is for being unpretentious.

The name mania never reaches such a stage of sublime absurdity as when the Briton of high or medium degree has an announcement of his marriage inserted in the public journals. Every minute detail of nomenclature is placarded, as if the public were athirst for it, and it were a matter of important information which the community was entitled to demand as a public right.

So desirous is the conventionalized Briton, under the circumstances, that his surroundings, connections and belongings may be sufficiently promulgated that history, geography, topology as well as genealogy, are lugged in, to amplify and decorate the flaring announcement of what should be treated quietly, as a private matter, but, which, in his aspirations to blow the bullfrog into the bull and ape the grandees that he dreads and admires, he amplifies into an extended placard of self-glorification. Here is a sample of this thing not much overdone:

“Married at Squirrel Court, near Shamcaster, Bumbleton on Wye, Slopshire, on Saturday, the 4th inst., by the Hon. and Rev. Felix William John Thomas Augustus Poppleton-Smythers, A. M. C. R. S., uncle of

the bride, Rector of St. Bridget's-in-the Swamp, assisted by the Rev. Cwd. Llewellyn Jones ap Griffith, Pantglass Trimmer Biggers, Curate of Cricket-howl priory, Pomper-nickle, Bangor; Madeline Maude Constance Georgina de Vere Bobkins, seventh daughter of John Robert Algernon Clarendon Ramsbottom, Esq., Col. of the Lancashire Hussars, yeoman cavalry, Justice of the Peace, K. O. P., to Augustus William Montague Quigsley Topladdle, Esq., of Her Majesty's 17th Foot, Royal Coldcreams, and third son of St. John George Straddledykes Fitz Jobson Topladdle, Esq., of Bagersden, Catacre, and grandson of General Sir Hugh Patrick Hercules Seringapatam McGloory O'Hara O'Shaughnessy, K. C. B., of Whackdoodle Hall, Croochmachreery, Ballashyndytoe, Sligo."

It is with a deep inspiration that one finishes the perusal of such announcements, and wonder withal, that the human ape should, in the face of the practical intelligence and common sense of an age daily suppressing tinsel, continue such antics.

The Spanish grandees are decided votaries of pretentious nomenclature. One of the daughters of an Infanta of Spain rejoices in the multiform designation of Blanche de Castille, Marie de la Concepcion, Theresa, Françoise, d'Assise, Marguerite, Jeanne, Beatrice, Charlotte, Louise, Fernande, Elvire, Ildefonse, Regina, Josefina, Michelle, Gabrielle, Raphaelle.

This polynominal phenomenon was born in 1868. It is questionable whether she has yet learned her own name, or ever will.

THE SHABBY GENTEEL.

To make an effort to keep up the appearance of "gentility," amid circumstances that tend to make it shabby, is the effort of a natural pride.

It is a mild protest against the jade Fortune and her attendant myrmidons, who are assailing the victim with all sorts of humiliation. It is the retention of a smile amid bitterness, and the covering of distress with a garment, seemingly although flimsy. It cannot fairly be termed hypocrisy. It is not an aiming to appear what one is not, but an effort to let outer circumstances, indicate, symbolically, the spirit that was, and the spirit that still remains, which asserts itself as well as it can, and puts its best foot foremost.

The community should not deride "shabby-gentility"; it strives to make that pleasing to the eye which otherwise would be depressing. Quiet Shabby-Gentility is a prettier figure in the landscape than blatant Poverty howling at his fate, and shaking his fist at the world.

"I am poor, miserable, hopeless," murmurs shabby gentility, "but I will not trouble others with a knowledge of it, if I can help it. I will at any rate smile, in public, although I sigh within. I have still a pride in my appearance, it is a tribute to the friends I may, possibly, still claim, and it is a proper respect to myself."

"I am a beggar!" roars blatant Poverty, shaking his rags; "look at me and my misery. Give me of your abundance or I will curse God and you."

The pride of Shabby-Gentility is in strong contrast, also, with that which aims to create impression from display and pretentious self-assertion.

The one is a modest lady, clad in thread-bare black, but neat and comely withal, deferential without humility, and although discriminating in taste, having sympathy for those humbler and meaner.

The other is a flaunting hussy, bedizened and artificial, lording it over those not so fortunate, claiming consequence from fortune's gifts, and herding only with those who may be of personal advantage or of similar worldly condition,

I had, and still have a friend, whom I will call Ferrers. Ferrers, at the time I write of, was about thirty-four years of age, of fine health and attractive presence. He had, although not a large fortune, one much more than sufficient for the needs of his single life and moderate tastes. He had been educated at a German university, and was a man of literary culture and active intellect.

He had resided much in foreign countries, and when I renewed my old acquaintance with him he had been domiciled for only a year in his native city of Mongrelia.

He had frequented what is known as the "society" there, but, although receiving much attention, found it uncongenial.

He consequently rather avoided the lighter phases of the city life, and sought companionship with a few friends that had tastes similar to his own. He was also giving his attention to special studies, and had regular hours of application.

As I had an extensive library, he passed many of his evenings with me, in looking over my old books, or in social converse, and now and then a game of cards.

Ferrers disliked everything that was pretentious and assuming, and had a distaste for conceited and dogmatic people. Vulgarity of manner and deportment were also in opposition to his quiet tastes and natural refinement. For the higher qualities I found him true, and punctiliously honorable, modest as to his own opinions and merits and considerate towards those of others.

With such a character and with such tastes I was surprised to hear one day, that Ferrers had become engaged in marriage to one Miss Aurora Slingsby, one of the very gay and dashing young women of Mongrelia.

She was of a family of wealth newly acquired, through the "speculative" instincts of her father, who was now a purse-proud agitator of the financial market, seldom seen in his house, over which presided mother and daughter, who gave full swing to their love of display and desire to be prominent in the festive world around them.

Their entertainments were numerous, and their house was the centre of the gay life of Mongrelia.

Ferrers had traveled with the family in Europe, and on his return many courtesies were extended to him by

them. The gossip was that they saw him in a good *parti* for Miss Aurora. He met with the family subsequently at a watering place, and at the close of the summer, to the surprise of his acquaintances, was announced as plighted in marriage to Miss Slingsby.

In the Winter, during the engagement period, I still received visits occasionally from Ferrers. His marriage was to take place in the Spring, but I did not notice in him the brightness or enthusiasm of one who felt that he was about to take a step that would assure his future happiness. I noticed that he was often absent minded, and would poke my wood fire in sombre silence for half an hour at a time; he also was in the habit of discussing human happiness and its conditions in an abstract light, as if he wanted to gain an insight into the general depths of such things, in order to measure his own condition. He seemed to desire to ascertain whether his then emotional state was a usual one, under the circumstances, or whether, under the circumstances, he should feel differently.

I saw, at any rate, that he was not satisfied with himself, and, that, when he moralized on the world or mankind, he was mentally poisoning his own affair. It seemed that either his judgment accused his sensibilities of torpor, or that his sensibilities accused his judgment of want of appreciation.

He would put to me abstract questions as to the origin and growth and continuity of the feelings and their relation to reason.

"Pelican," would he say, "Do you think the sensibilities, as a usual thing, if in opposition to the judgment,

succumb to it in time, and that the force of judgment continually acting on a given subject would arrive at a true appreciation of it, apart from prior influences engendered through the emotions?—in other words, can there ever be a continuous preferential action of the emotions for a thing, if the reasoning and moral faculties condemn it?—or do you think that the sensibilities grow, and carry everything before them, and are they the safer guides?"

Not knowing exactly what to say to such abstractions, I would answer in some rambling or perhaps jocular way: but no answer that I would give would satisfy him, as I could discern, from the peckish manner in which he would poke the fire, and fling bits of wood at my terrier dog, Sniffles, who would yawn, in embarrassed perturbation, and change his locality under the various missiles, which apparently indicated to his mind a desire that he should do so.

I concluded that I ought to say something on the subject of his engagement that might be agreeable to him. In the course of conversation, therefore, alluding to the appearance of Miss Slingsby, I remarked that she was considered one of the most attractive looking young women in Mongrelia. He turned the conversation from the lady to the sentiment, that "the best part of beauty is what a picture cannot express."

"Well," said I, "I suppose your discrimination has found that excellence to exist in the case in hand, and you have doubtless a full appreciation of it."

"Yes, I suppose so," he answered, with something between a yawn and a sigh.

"Pelican," said he, one evening, when he was at a quiet dinner with me, "we ought to lead two lives—in the latter one, to know how to avoid the mistakes of the former."

These and similar remarks made me conclude that he was not at ease with his condition. I felt that he was anxious to unburden himself, and anatomize his emotional *status*, so I concluded I would practically open the subject. I confess, also, to having considerable curiosity in the matter.

"How came it," said I, "that you became engaged to Miss Slingsby? I did not think that you were inclined to settle yourself so readily, particularly as I hear the lady has very gay tastes not in harmony with your quiet and literary ones."

"Well, Pelican, it is rather a delicate subject, and I cannot give you a very satisfactory answer. Although I am of a sympathetic temperament, I have never been much in female society, or had great intimacies with women. I never understood females very well. I met the lady at the Babbleton Springs. We were thrown much together. She was chatty, amusing, and apparently had a cheerful, affectionate disposition, and, I must confess, at the time, I found her attractive and entertaining. I did not give much study to her character or mental qualities. She seemed to like my society, discriminated me above others, and, I suppose, the best of us is susceptible to flattery. There is no doubt, too, that liking or its showing begets liking; subsequently, we passed a fortnight together, at a friend's house. There were boats, drives, woods, walks, poetry,

and the rest of the small sympathetic machinery ; but, above all, were those two intensely dangerous factors— isolation and propinquity. Her merits, too, were being continually ding-donged into my ears by our hostess. I awoke one morning—thought over a certain *egayé* conversation of the night before—wondered whether I had dreamed it, or whether it was a reality—and concluded I had said something quite compromising. A hand given to kiss in the morning, a rosebud put in my coat with a conscious smile, a radiant glance, and the words “dearest Frank” uttered in soft *tremolo*, clinched the idea. I accepted the situation, acted as was expected, and—*voilà pour la vie!* The next day, ‘Mamma’ was sent for from the city, and saluted me as her ‘dear son.’ Those words froze me like an icicle.”

“*Que voulez vous?* I suppose there is a destiny in these things.” Saying which words Ferrers approached my buffet, poured out a glass of Cognac and gulped it, although I had never before seen him drink spirits.

“I didn’t think,” he resumed, “that, in Mongrelia, girls snapped one up in that fashion. You know, most of my manhood has been passed abroad, and I knew little about their manners or habits here. I supposed, from what I had heard, that they expected a good deal of attention and even a little rallying flirtatious talk, especially if you were shut up with them in a country house, in summer: particularly, too, if the girl were of the bold, dashing, vivacious order and appeared to know the world and its ways, like an experienced veteran, as most of them do.”

“I suppose, however, our tastes will flow together ;

humanity has great powers of adaptation. There will doubtless, be some reason and good sense in this life combination, as in other partnerships—there would be mutual concession, doubtless—tastes, under association, amalgamate, they say; if not, she will either take my tastes or I hers—probably, the latter; and, I will have to become a follower of what is called gay society, and be dragged about like a tamed animal among the nonentities. Farewell to study and literature and independence! I will have, also, to bid farewell to such sensible old mortals as you, my boy.”

“Forbid it—Heaven!” I remarked, not knowing exactly what next to say, and puzzled what advice to give in such a matter—especially when the inclinations and the situation appeared so strangely discordant.

A ring at the front door, here interrupted our colloquy. I then remembered that I had invited, as was occasionally my wont, my neighbor Somers and his daughter to take a dish of tea, and play three-handed whist with me.

“Don’t go, Ferrers,” I said, “that ring announces my neighbor Somers and his daughter—you are in a philosophic mood, they are fine types of the ‘shabby genteel,’ and will repay study. Stay and take a hand at whist. He is a gentlemanly old fellow, and she a fine sensible girl; you would like her. Stay and take a hand, and leave Miss Aurora to her ball. *Pourquoi pas?*”

Ferrers shook his head and rose to go: before he could do so, however, my man opened the door and announced Mr. and Miss Somers, in the sitting room.

Ferrers could not leave the library without passing

through the sitting-room. He could not, for the moment, find his hat; at last it was found—a soft felt one—on the floor with Sniffles in it, curled up in a kerchief and snoring profoundly. The incident caused a little laughing comment and delay, during which I introduced him to the father and daughter.

“Come,” said I “Ferrers—Sniffles is determined that you shall not leave—sit down and make a fourth with us, if only for a rubber.”

Ferrers yielded mechanically but urbanely.

The candles were brought in—the curtains were drawn—the fire was refreshed—John, my old negro, put the kettle by the fire for punch—and Sniffles, after a sigh and a few winks at the fire, curled up on the rug again, for a nap.

We cut for partners, and soon Ferrers and Miss Somers were seated opposite each other playing a first rate game against old Somers and me.

I pause here, to remark upon the wonderful workings of the chain of circumstances.

My text is Sniffles and the hat.

Firstly, I remark, that there is no known process of investigation, discovery, or reasoning, experimental or logical—from cause to effect, or from effect to cause, by which it has or can be ascertained, under our present lights, whether everything, big and little, has been arranged for its own separate performance and sequence, or whether every event has its casualty and happening influenced by its association and catenation with others.

In other words, has the Supreme designer arranged every action and event under *fiats* as old as time, or

does he leave them to the workings of the creature, each event modifying, influencing, and controlling the other, and making a great chain of events, each linked, belonging to, and growing out of some other.

The latter view opens a wide range of thought—through it what happened to the Pterodactyllus or the Hy-læo-saurus, in his morning walk, may be a matter of indirect transmission to present occurrences; it may be working now, through continuous modifications, in great affairs or small, such as the settling of an empire, the ordering of a meal, or the influencing of conduct that may regulate an everlasting doom.

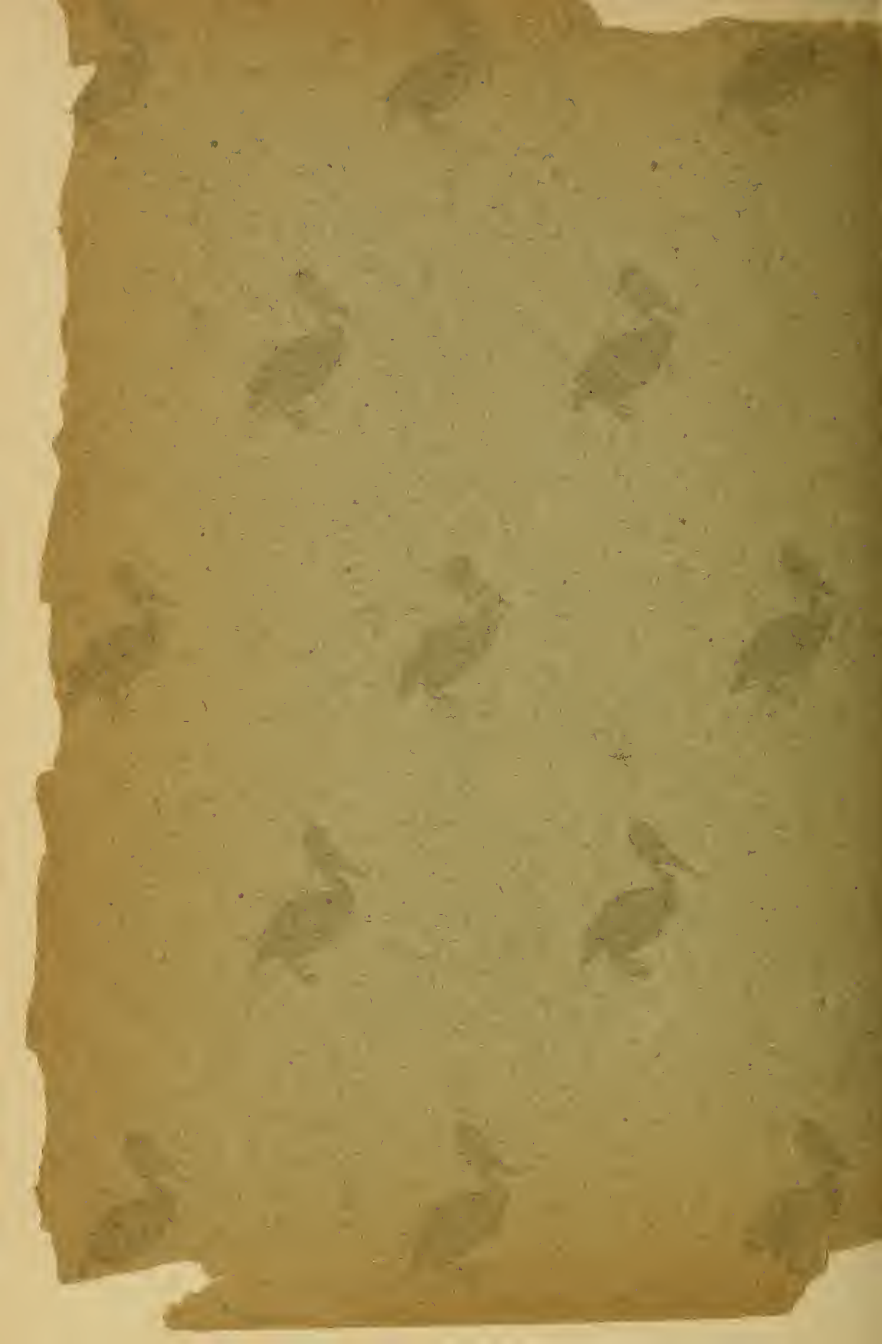
I walk the streets—my neighbor Nippers' little child put on slippery new shoes that morning—she falls; I assist her, coming out of my house at the precise time of the falling—my hat flies off, out of it a white paper falls, which frightens a horse, the horse runs, collides with a vehicle—a man is thrown out and injures his skull—the doctor comes in a hurry, and in so doing, his carriage runs over a man; the doctor is sued for damages, a juror attending on the case, has to be down town an hour earlier than usual; he generally walks; owing to the cook he is late that morning and takes an air railroad; there is a collision, the juror is wounded—his wife faints on receiving a telegram announcing the catastrophe, and falls, with a baby in her arms. The result is a little piece of human organization stops ticking; a little soul flutters back to the *animus mundi*, and a possible future mayor of Mongrelia or the ruler of Brobdinagia hardly has a chance to open his eyes.

Am I to understand that the great confederation of



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soul and body, its future destiny, as well as the possible destiny of cities and nations and the consequent physical, moral, and eternal conditions of their inhabitants are made dependent upon such absurd occurrences as the slippery shoes of little Cordelia Nippers, and the like?

Nay; you will have to go far back of the shoes. The shoemaker was drunk that morning and forgot to scratch them—as he was told. Thence follow back what made him drunk—a scolding wife, the cold morning, low spirits, and a thousand ramifications from those sources, each having its own chain, including the extra nicotine in his whiskey.

Then you must take up the chain why little Nippers went out at that precise time—why her mother wanted a No. 6 spool of cotton at that precise moment that she did, which required little Nippers then to make hersortie; why I had opened my door at that precise moment—why I should happen to have a sheet of white note paper in my hat—why that certain gust of wind then and there arose to blow my hat off—why the horse and the colliding vehicle passed at the precise time that they did—why the man that the doctor ran over passed just at the precise time and place to be run over—how the doctor's boy lost one eye, that caused him to run over the man—why the accident to the cars occurred—and why Mrs. Juror happened to be frightened in such a way and in such a condition—and how her nervous system became so sensitive.

These matters involve, it will be observed, thousands of concatenating concatenations. You will find that

they will be connected with millions of events, big and little, far and near, that preceded them, including the Deluge and the Discovery of America. They will involve casualties and designs, moral motives and physical motives, actions of the passions and of the nerves, maladies, reasonings, judgments, dispositions, formations, developments, evolutions, and dissolutions. In a little while the brain will begin to reel and give it up.

In this connection, if Sniffles had not got into that hat, Ferrers would not have been detained—and certain consequences hereafter disclosed, including the great humanitarian sequences of birth, life, and death, and the future conditions of the objects of those eventualities would not have followed.

Supposing, *per contra*, that the above theory of fortuitous consecution is not correct, but that all human action is the result of a direct supreme, predestined disposal of things, including not only temporal but *ultra mundane* conditions—why then, we had better cease from trouble and effort—bend our heads to blows of fate, become pessimists, and merely cry with the Islamite, “*Allah ak bar !*”—God is great.

In this view of the matter, it made no difference, as to the sequences, whether Sniffles got into the hat or not; they are not features of the narrative nor factors in the result, but mere figurants and accessories.

“*Quien sabe ?*” says the Spaniard, and we humbly answer “*Quien ?*” Mahomet thought he had solved this problem, and tells us “Whatever good befall-eth thee, O ! man, it is from God ; and whatever evil befall-eth thee it is from thyself.”

The point remains, what is good and what is evil? Everybody draws the differentiating line differently.

Good and evil masquerade in each other's shapes.

"Zadoc and the Hermit arrived, one evening, at a splendid castle, and asked for hospitality. Although the master of the castle kept aloof from them, they were sumptuously entertained, shown to magnificent apartments, and given a vessel of gold adorned with precious stones, to wash their hands in; and, on leaving, were each presented with a gold piece."

"'The master of this mansion,' said Zadig, as they journeyed together, 'appears to me a most generous, although a rather proud man; he exercises a noble hospitality.' While uttering these words, he perceived that a kind of large pocket that the Hermit wore appeared extended and swollen. He discovered in it the golden vessel adorned with precious stones, which the Hermit had stolen. He did not venture to speak to him on the subject, but was in a state of strange surprise."

"Towards mid-day, the Hermit stopped at the door of a small house, belonging to a rich miser. He asked shelter there for a few hours."

"An old servant received him, in a rough manner, and showed the Hermit and Zadig to a stable where they were given some stale olives, some bad bread, and sour beer. The Hermit ate and drank with as contented an air as he bore on the preceding evening; he then turned to the old servant, who was watching them to see that they stole nothing, and was hurrying them away, gave him the two pieces of gold which they had received that morning, and thanked him for

all his attentions. 'I pray you,' he said, 'introduce me to your master.' The astonished servant introduced the two travelers. 'My magnificent lord,' said the Hermit to him, 'I thank you, most humbly, for the noble manner in which you have received us. Be pleased to accept this vessel of gold as a testimonial of our gratitude.'"

"The miser was ready to fall with astonishment. The Hermit gave him no time to recover from his surprise, but immediately departed with his young companion."

"'My holy father,' said Zadig, 'what does all this mean? You steal a golden bowl adorned with precious stones from a lord who entertains you magnificently, and you give it to one who treats you with indignity!'"

"'My son, replied the old man, 'that magnificent fellow, who only receives strangers from vanity and to cause his riches to be admired, will become a wiser man; and the miser, on the other hand, will learn to exercise hospitality.'"

'They arrived, in the evening, at a handsomely built although plain mansion where nothing evidenced either prodigality or avarice. The proprietor was a philosopher, retired from the world, who cultivated in peace, wisdom, and virtue, and who, notwithstanding, was not wearied with such pursuits. He had provided, in his house, a retreat for the reception of strangers, whom he received with a stately dignity that had nothing of ostentation in it. He, himself, preceded the two travelers, whom he caused, at first, to take repose in a commodious apartment. Some time after, he came, in per

son, to invite them to a clean and well served table, during which he spoke with discretion of the last revolution at Babylon."

"After other instructive and pleasant converse, the host reconducted the two travelers to their apartment, thanking Heaven for sending him as guests two such wise and virtuous men. He offered them money, in a noble and gracious manner, which could not give offence. The Hermit refused, and then took leave of him, as he intended to set out for Babylon before day-break."

"Their parting was affectionate; Zadig, particularly, felt full of esteem and sympathy for so amiable a person."

"When the Hermit and he were in their apartment, they, for a long time, spoke in praise of their host."

"At daybreak, the Hermit awoke his companion. 'We must start,' said he, 'but while the people are all asleep, I wish to leave to this man a testimonial of my esteem and affection.'"

"In saying these words, he took a brand and set the house afire."

"Zadig astounded, cried aloud, and tried to prevent the commission of such an outrageous action."

"The Hermit dragged him away by superior strength. The house was now in flames. The Hermit who, was already at a considerable distance, with his companion, tranquilly gazed upon the house as it burned."

"'Thank God,' said he, 'there is the house of our dear host destroyed from top to bottom—happy man.'"

"At these words, Zadig was tempted, at the same

time, to burst into laughter, to curse the reverend man, to beat him, and to run away."

"He did none of these, however, and always subject to the ascendancy of the Hermit over him, he followed him in spite of himself to their last proposed halting place."

"This was at the house of a charitable and virtuous widow, who had a nephew fourteen years of age, full of attraction and her only hope. She did her best in performing the honors of her simple home. The next day she directed her nephew to accompany the travelers to the bridge, which, being broken, caused the passage to be dangerous. The young man, eager to be of service, walked before them. When they were on the bridge, 'Come,' said the Hermit to the young man, 'I must signify my gratitude to your good aunt.' He thereupon took the child by the hair and threw him into the river. The child fell—appeared a moment above the water—and was then drawn away by the current. 'O, monster!—O, most wicked of men!' cried Zadig. 'You promised me patience,' said the Hermit, interrupting him. 'Learn that under the ruins of that house Providence has set on fire, the proprietor has found treasures of immense value; learn, that this youth, whose life Providence has now taken, would have assassinated his aunt in one year, and you in two.'"

"'Who told thee that—barbarian?' cried Zadig,—'and even if thou had'st read that in the book of fate, what right had'st thou to destroy a child that did thee no harm?'"

"As Zadig was speaking, he perceived that the old

man had no longer his beard, that his face assumed the features of youth—his hermit robe disappeared, four beautiful wings covered a majestic frame radiant with light. ‘O, minister from heaven! O, divine angel!’ cried Zadig, bending to the earth, ‘thou hast then descended from the heavens to teach a poor mortal to submit to the dooms of Providence.’”

“‘Men,’ said the angel Jesrad, ‘judge in ignorance.’”

To resume my story:

Somers, the father, was a tall, thin, respectable-looking man, although he belonged, evidently, to the great army of the *shabby genteel*. His clothes were of an old cut and rather shiny and threadbare, but scrupulously brushed; he had a fine-shaped head, bald in the middle, with two side growths brushed vertically, giving him the appearance of a diplomat or grandee—in fact, quite an aristocratic air; his manners were quiet and courteous, and his speech deliberate. Although he talked little, what he said was sensible, and showed information rather than experience; when he played whist he was so absorbed in the game that he made no remarks even during the deals. He, therefore, after taking his cards in hand, paid no attention to the other players except so far as they were part of the card playing machinery. Neither did his daughter Julia converse much; she took her seat opposite Ferrers, and the game was kept up assiduously and rather gravely, until a late hour, with a slight intermission for the punch.

When they retired and Julia put her well moulded hand into mine, and thanked me in her rich *mezzo* voice for affording herself and father a very pleasant evening,

I noticed that Ferrers was looking at her very intently, if not admiringly. She made him a slight inclination, on leaving; and, with a calm "Good evening, Mr. Ferrers," glided gracefully out of the room.

There was never any fuss or angularity about Julia. She always did everything gracefully, smoothly and just right. Her composure was a prominent feature, and gave her an elegance of demeanor which would have graced a palace. She seldom laughed: smiles of urbanity, however, occasionally lit her face, which was generally marked by classic composure.

There is nothing more attractive in a woman than a proper reserve or *retenu*, as apposed to the styles that may be called the gushing or demonstrative. A *retenu* style does not imply necessarily coldness or hauteur; it is merely the art of holding one's self in hand, and not illustrating small or ordinary matters or topics by exaggerated language or action.

I had a friend once, who always objected to sitting next to a certain lady, a sprightly, intelligent woman, withal; the reason he gave was, that, on the smallest occasion or most ordinary remark, she seemed as if she were preparing to *spring down his throat!* She made him uncomfortable; and, as he could not keep himself up to her exaggerated state of nerve tension, he habitually shunned her.

Some women, in their converse with you, will illustrate ordinary conversation with frowning, snapping their eyes, rolling them upwards, vociferating their words as if you were deaf, and grinning at you at every sentence.

This habit of keeping the face on a continual grin, is either the result of *mauvaise honte*, or an indication of feebleness of character or brain.

The casual observer might deem, from Julia's usual reserve and calmness of manner, that her character was a cold, unemotional one.

But no one, I thought, could have such a deep, musical voice, with such rich, suggestive modulations and intonations, nor have such a pair of expansive and variant eyes, sometimes dreamy, and sometimes glowing like meteors, without their being exponents of a deep, emotional nature.

There was one drawback to Julia—she was an irredeemable pauper. She had no prospects in life, whatever—and was getting at the age when happiness and sympathy might develop her into a splendid woman, while neglect and routine would make her fall into a mental and physical *decadence*. When the dark days came, at about the twentieth year of her age, she had quietly dropped out of the social spheres of Mongrelia, and, in fact, rather discouraged visits that had become formal and half charitable: she disliked to be patronized or considered a subject of pity.

Her acquaintances, and even friends, therefore, dropped her one by one. "Poor thing," they said, "her chances in life are over."—So Julia was left to live in obscure repose, and to cultivate her mental faculties with the staid, barren prospect of old maidism before her. she ought to have grown thin, sallow and peaked, but she did not, and accepted the situation with a composure which, in a man, would have been called philosophy.

She loved study and had saved a piano from the wreck; music was her only solace. Her main employment was the care of her father and his home, consisting of the lodging rooms they occupied in an humble quarter of the town. There she assisted him in his laudable efforts to keep up the "shabby genteel."

"Who the deuce are those interesting people, Pelican?" said Ferrers after father and daughter had departed.

"Old friends," I said, "and still friends, although members of the shabby genteel order, and cut generally by their former acquaintances. Somers went into commercial business that he knew nothing of, when he had enough to live on without it; he was ruined by a partner's speculations, paid up the firm's debts, and has a pittance of just \$800 a year, on which he and his daughter live, in lodgings, around the corner, humbly enough. I think the only amusements they have are their books and an occasional game of whist with me. They never borrow money, and how they scramble through on \$800 a year is a mystery. I really am afraid they are half-starved, but Julia is a great manager."

"Their old circle of friends and acquaintances left them and they don't care to make others. Although poor as rats, they are still awfully genteel, and, indeed, rather frighten people away by their stony gentility."

"One can hardly find fault with them, however, for being quiet and unobtrusive."

"What do you think of my friend Julia?"

"She's splendid!" said Ferrers,—How old is she?"

"About twenty-seven, I think, and not a flaw. She has fine health, and is never ailing; look at the flow of color in her cheeks, although a *brune*. She seems to have some south of France blood in her. Do you mark her bluish black eyes? She and her father regularly walk their ten miles a day. She would make a splendid wife for some fellow who had no need of money and liked a noble natural woman and not a flibbertgibbit. If you were not engaged, Ferrers, you two might have made a superior combination."

Ferrers' only answer to this remark was a nervous lashing of his leg and boot with a small cane he had in his hand.

On leaving, I asked him to take another bout at cards with us, that day fortnight, to which he made the musing reply, "Perhaps."

That evening fortnight, father and daughter presented themselves. Somers and I preferring to play cribbage, Julia amused herself looking over my books.

She was so engaged when Ferrers entered, and, as the father and I were deeply engaged in our game, he and Julia had necessarily to entertain each other, which they were left to do for upwards of an hour.

Julia palpably flushed as Ferrers entered. She was looking handsomer than ever, for which she was not at all indebted to the accessories of dress; her costume was as plain as possible. A black stuff gown, the only set off to which was a neck ribbon of dark blue. She wore no jewelry; two cheap black ear pendants were the only decoration, and one black arrow which fastened in some way, a mass of chestnut hair, which

occasionally, with an auburn glint, shone in the firelight. I could not hear their conversation; they seemed to be looking over books together, and talking about them; the conversation seemed to be continuous and sprightly; occasionally there was a sound of gentle sympathetic laughter, like the rippling of a brook.

"What a really fine young woman," said Ferrers, when they left; "do you mark the shape of her head, and how well set on her neck and bust? What a shell-like ear, and what a straight back! She carries herself like a Juno and talks like a Minerva. She don't force the talk either, but lets me draw her out. Pelican, this is the pleasantest evening I have passed this—" checking himself, he corrected the remark by saying "one of the pleasantest I have passed this winter."

"They did not ask me to call," said Ferrers.

"Of course not," said I, "they live almost on bare floors—besides, you are an engaged man, why should they?"

"True enough," murmured Ferrers, somewhat gloomily.

"When are you to be married?" I then asked.

"Don't talk about it," said Ferrers; "but tell me about this girl—has she had no admirers?"

"Two or three prigs," I answered, "in her palmy days—since then she has had no visiting acquaintances at all, except a few old women. She is of a New England family, and her relations mostly are living there or in England. But what's the girl to you? I will say one thing, however, Ferrers, I wish you had seen this woman before you came into your present—"

I paused. "Infernal scrape!" cried he, as he banged the door.

These two people met twice again, before the conversation I had with Ferrers as below related—once he walked with her from church, once he met her at my house. On the latter occasion, at my request, she played some pieces on my grand piano and filled the room with rich, pensive melody. Her touch expressed emotion, intelligence and poetic feeling; it came out from her heart and distilled through her fingers; it revealed much to Ferrers, who listened with earnest attention. He was a music lover—almost an enthusiast, and here was a kindred taste and its fair minister.

After the music, they played a game of cards together, but, as I observed went through with more talking than playing.

I now began to see clearly that there was trouble brewing. Julia, although nothing of a flirt, was captivating this man, and leading him from an allegiance that was an obligation; besides, she too might become interested. "The thing must be stopped," reasoned I.

The next time Ferrers came, he led up as usual to the topic of Julia, when I thus addressed him:

"Young man, you are well aware that you are under obligations of a strong recognized social and moral nature to Miss Slingsby, and, I believe, your marriage is fixed for a not very distant day."

"Her friends count upon the alliance, not to speak of the girl herself, whose feelings are doubtless interested, and to whom it would be an injury if, from any breach on your part, the engagement should be broken."

"Of course, you have no deliberate intention of doing this, but you are doing what leads to it, you are putting yourself under the influence of, to my mind, one of the most, if not the most attractive and dangerous women that a person of your perception and tastes could meet with, and a most formidable rival to the person you are plighted to. You must keep away from this temptation. I can see that she is exerting a quiet but strong influence over you, without any intention of so doing on her part. I can imagine, also, that you may interest her seriously, if you meet her oftener. The poor girl has trouble enough without having a hopeless affection, and one which probably would be her last and only one. Don't you think, that, under the circumstances, you had better stop coming here on the nights on which they come, which are Tuesdays, and prepare yourself for your future regular fare by abstinence from outside fascinating dainty food like this."

"Pelican," Ferrers responded, "I am awfully afraid your words are wise."

"I am not one who casts his sensibilities about generally, but I will humbly own that your guest is an exceedingly dangerous person, to one who has the proper appreciation of her. I never met a young woman combining, more attractively, intelligence and female charm. She is positively the most agreeable and sensible talker of any woman I ever knew, and her rich, deep voice thrills me like electricity."

"I must confess that her intelligence, her dignity of deportment, naturalness of character, utter want of coquetry, allied to her beautiful and expressive features,

have convinced me, even more than I have yet been convinced, that my present relations to Miss Slingsby are most unfortunate for both of us."

"It was a foolish, absurd mistake on my part. I had never direct intention to become bound to her. The attractions and propinquity of a handsome, rattling, dashing girl, apparently fond of me, overcame all prudence and previous resolutions in such matters, and, I confess, I either jumped into the hedge with my eyes blinded, or was caught in a trap, I don't know which."

"And now," said I, "you are apparently about to jump into another hedge to scratch your eyes in again, like Mother Goose's man."

"It's no joke," continued Ferrers. "I now find Miss Slingsby has a flippant, insincere character. You see, I make no stranger of you and I must pour myself out to somebody."

"She is exacting and pettish, and has no solid foundation of character, no good sense, and, I think, no great education. I can never reason with her; she acts merely by impulses and prejudices."

"Conformation to the social or fashion code seems to absorb all her ideas and most of her intellect. I doubt, too, whether she has really, what is called, affection for me."

"I have been picked out as a partner of a social event in her life, which is supposed to be *de rigueur* for the female; and here I am, in chains to one whom I believe, is a shallow, trifling woman."

"I talk strongly, my old boy, but I have no one else to commune with in this way."

"But it's awful—it's frightful," continued he, pacing the room, "this being tied up for time and eternity, when there is almost a repulsion. I detest this playing the love hypocrite—this profession of affection that don't exist—this mockery of feeling—this leading to a union that will probably be mutually distasteful, and consequently wretched. And yet, of course, honor compels the keeping up of all the forms, and compels me to appear even joyful at the expected performance of this miserable contract."

"‘The law of honor,’ says Paley, ‘is a mere system of rules constructed by people of fashion, and calculated to facilitate their intercourse with each other.’"

"My ideas of honor, however, give it a sterner code. By it, I feel compelled to sacrifice myself—ay, that is the word,—and to keep, at all risks, an obligation the breaking of which might produce mortification, perhaps unhappiness, to another."

"No, my boy—as I have made my bed so I must lie in it."

"It is all very well for judgment to step in now, and criticise the action of the impulses—for reason to condemn the pranks played by the rascally senses—for reflection to bring wisdom, and for experience to shake his miserable old head and say, ‘I might have told you so.’"

"I have to bow to the stern logic of facts. Why is there no familiar *numen*, such as Socrates had, to stand by one's shoulder and forewarn us against ourselves?"

"To cry ‘breakers ahead,’ when we are about taking a tack that leads to a life shipwreck—in other words, to

keep us from making irrevocable, eternal, irredeemable fools of ourselves?"

"I confess, I do not see any way out of this thing, but to yield to fate, or the infernal circumstances that have led to this and to take the blow—I see no light—do you?"

"Well," I remarked, stirring my punch, "the problem socially and morally considered is not an easy one—pray is there no other person that is visiting Miss Slingsby? No one else whose society seems agreeable to her?"

"Why, yes—several—she said I must not be jealous, or deprive her of the attentions of others, for the short time left her. In fact, she is rather surrounded, and I think, takes the thing automatically."

"Latterly, a French Count, one de Becherolle, has appeared upon the scene, and seems quite assiduous. He is one of those Frenchmen that come over on a matrimonial venture. You know, no Frenchman ever deserts Paris and comes to this benighted land unless it is on business."

"Well, Ferrers," I replied, "the only advice I think I am capable of giving you is what I once before gave in a similar case, that is, '*to let events take their course.*'"

"Perhaps the chain of events will do something for you and work out your salvation."

"This love business is generally a troublesome matter to deal with; it is not guided by intentions nor the will, its results are whimsical and its course tortuous."

"In the words of a master mind:"

“ ‘Cupid’s but-shaft is too hard for
Hercules’ club;
His disgrace is to be called boy,
But his glory is to subdue men.’ ”

“ Hang your poetry,” responded Ferrers; “ if that is all the advice you can give me I will bid you good night.”

As he was moodily standing by the half-opened door, I called out to him, “ There is one other piece of advice I will give you.”

“ What ’s that ? ”

“ Let the Count have full swing.”

“ Pshaw ! ” said he, as he banged the door.

The next Tuesday evening, Somers and his daughter came as usual. She was highly flushed when she entered, and grew pale, I thought, when she observed that Ferrers was not in the room.

Her father and I played cribbage together.

She read during most of the evening and afterwards sat down at the piano, and played dreamy music in minor chords.

After our game, I went into the other room ; she had ceased playing ; her head was resting on her hand and leaned forward over the key-board.

When she suddenly raised her head, as I entered, her eyelashes, I noticed, dropped two quick tears.

“ One of the sad muffled dramas of life is going on,” mused I, when they left.

Being compelled to go South for two or three months, I lost cognizance of the *dramatis personæ* of my short story.

On my return, I found a note from Julia, asking me, as her father had an attack of rheumatism, and was confined to the house, to kindly visit their lodgings, the next evening, to amuse him with a game of cards. I accepted the invitation, particularly, as I had never been inside of their lodgings and was somewhat curious to see how my cultivated friends kept up the ‘*shabby genteel*.’

The door of their sitting-room was opened by a tidy girl, who apparently was the only domestic.

The sitting-room was plain and homely, but scrupulously neat; a few small engravings were hung about as the only decorations; the piano was at one end of the room and a lounge on which the old gentleman reclined at the other; in the middle was the table, spread with some quaint china, for tea, and opposite was a small Franklin stove, on which a polished copper kettle was singing merrily.

Julia made and served out the tea, and toasted the home-made bread, poached some eggs and did the honors of the table with easy grace. What I most admired was that she made no remarks or apologies as to the deficiencies, straitened circumstances, or such matters; but ministered to us with as much ease and apparent satisfaction as if the humble home and its accessories were all that could be desired.

After tea, she brought me her father's cigar-case, and an allumette for our cigars. Smoking was the only in-

dulgence the old gentleman kept up, and no doubt his daughter had to pinch herself to afford him this little luxury. I noticed his cigars were domestic, and after a few puffs I carefully exchanged mine for one of my own "royal eagles."

After the cigars were finished we took our places for three-handed whist. I noticed that Julia and the dummy played without their usual skill. Indeed, she played very badly, and made two careless mistakes. While the old gentleman was scolding her, a ring at the door was heard.

Julia dropped her cards suddenly, and turned pale as a ghost; then a flush like an aurora, suffused her cheeks and neck and face, and she rushed to the door.

To her entered Mr. Ferrers; and, before that gentleman said a word, two arms were around her neck, and a kiss resounded through the little room that sounded like the crack of a whip.

"A-hem!" said I, throwing down my cards.

"The old, old story," murmured the old gentleman, sagely wagging his head, as he looked at me, and wiped his spectacles.

"Pelican! my dear old boy, congratulate me," exclaimed Ferrers, as he wrung my hand till it winced, "you, of course, infer that I am the happiest man in the world!"

"Well, I confess," said I, "that I hardly expected this—but if so be, that this be so, I do indeed think that you ought to be a very happy man. I endorse the whole thing with all my heart."

Julia took my hand and pressed it to her lips.

The game was resumed with a new player, and was the most erratic one ever played by that party.

I could not take my eyes from the young woman ; I never saw complete happiness so expressed on a human face. The eyes had a spell of light ; soft, deep, penetrating and illuminating, that made them indeed seem windows of the soul.

There was radiance diffused over her whole countenance, and a glow, as of a fire within, came out with an earnestness of expression that made each beautiful feature speak with joy.

Ferrers walked home with me and passed half an hour at my house.

"The course of events has indeed been working," said he.

"The Count, as you suggested, '*cut me out.*' I am supposed to be a terribly ill used man. I am an object of commiseration to observers, but, glory to God ! I need not tell you that I revel in the change. It seems as if a good being had interfered and worked these things."

"But tell me the result of the idyl," said I. "Has the Count actually captured the prize?"

"Read that," said Ferrers, as he handed me a slip cut from one of the gossiping papers of the day.

The extract was from the letter of a local correspondent, and read as follows:

“SAVED FROM AN ADVENTURER.”

“The Happy Marriage of a Lady who had been Betrothed to a Fraudulent Count.”

“Mongrelia, Feb. 26.—In December last, Miss Aurora Slingsby, of this city, one of the society belles, was to have been married to a French Count named Nicholas Becherolle. No less than eleven hundred invitations had been issued, and a grand affair was expected. Two days before the ceremony it was discovered that the supposed Count was an adventurer, with two wives and several children. He was arrested on a charge of felony in Mongrelia, and has been heard of no more. Instead of tearing her hair and going into sackcloth and ashes, the charming Miss Slingsby dried her tears and went into society. The following notice, which appeared in the papers this week, may fairly be termed the sequel to the story:”

“‘The marriage of Miss Aurora Slingsby, daughter of Hibbard Slingsby, Esq., to T. Peabody Jones, Esq., occurred Tuesday evening, at the home of the bride’s parents. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Ignatius Slabber, D. D. The newly-wedded couple left for a short trip to the South.’”

I never knew two people so thoroughly matched as Ferrers and his wife.

If there ever were two human beings that seemed to have found a destiny that thoroughly suited them, it is they.

Instead of smiling at fate they smile with fate.

There is not only mental accord and the appreciation of mind by mind, but harmony of the sensibilities, and sympathy of the moral sentiments.

The observance of their sympathetic relation makes me, at times, mourn over my own solitude and that *decadence* of the sensibilities that springs from their disuse—and yet—if they had been developed, they might not have found a similar happiness—“*Chacun*” does not always find his “*Chacune*.”

These two people are my best friends. We still keep up our whist—the only trouble is, that Ferrers and his wife always insist upon being partners—they will never play against each other.

BRAIN SCATTERING.

I do not now recall but one brain scatterer who attained historic notoriety.

His historic success was due not to any result effected by his brains, but to the mere fact that he was a remarkable brain scatterer.

His name was James Crichton—agnomened “the admirable.”

At the age of twenty, James boasted that he had run through the whole circle of science, and could write and speak ten languages. He was a poet, a rhetorician, a logician, a philosopher, a theologian, a dramatist, a musician, and a successful tilter.

He displayed himself before the courts and universities of Europe; but was killed by a drunken rascal, who envied his brain scattering. Probably none of his varied acquisitions would have produced for him any beneficial result, if he had lived long enough to make a decided failure.

He would have gone on developing his brains, only the more to scatter them.

This would have been his ambition, and he would, finally, have dwindled into obscurity, like all other brain scatterers.

Here a little and there a little, would, at last, have made a Mr. Forcible Feeble of him.

He would have rolled about without gathering any moss. He would have been finally beaten in any one line by the proficient in that line, whose proficiency might have arisen, but little from natural gift, but much from systematised plodding.

Experience shows that very little is achieved in life except from concentration of brain and directness of purpose.

Traveling around a circle never brings one to the centre.

One must start on a radius and work on that.

The centre is never reached by excursions on tangents.

If Alexander had dribbled his energy on music, art, and languages, think you he could have conquered his worlds?

If Marlborough or if Bonaparte had scattered their brains on philosophy and theology, think you they would have turned out the successful throat cutters that they were?

If Richelieu or Chatham had undertaken to lead armies as well as to study out international policy, would they have aggrandized the State?

If Shakespeare or Milton had tried to be rhetoricians and logicians as well as poets, would we have had Hamlet or Paradise Lost?

If Newton had tried his hand at music as well as science, or if Beethoven, had cudgeled his brains over the law of gravity, would the one have given us the "*Principia*" or the other the *Symphony in B Minor*?

Systematic plodding by a dullard, in a direct line, will

often accomplish all that genius could achieve. The tortoise will, in time, reach the goal of the fleet Achilles.

There are two things that can reach the top of a pyramid, says an English thinker—an eagle and a reptile.

A small bullet fired from a rifle will accomplish a hit when the scattering missiles of a bomb will fail; and light diffused will be feeble, while concentrated, it will burn.

It is pleasant to prelude variously with the faculties but life will ebb in experimenting, and the cords may snap ere the tune is played.

Concentrated action is the *sesame* that opens fortune's door.

Circumstances will make some men successful, but they make no man great. They are merely the prizes in the chance lottery, and any fool may blindly draw them. Birth, money, luck are not to be reckoned among the factors of successful life, but as the accidents.

Even those who are born in the purple must give direct work to their governing business, if they do not want to be deposed, murdered, or be placarded by Clio, as noodles, for all time. See how she has chronicled some of these *lazaroni*:—Louis the Stammerer, Childeric the Idle, Charles the Fat, and Charles the Simple.

Sardanapalus, Edward the Second, Richard the Second, and Charles the Second did not attend to their business, and had to walk into Hades for it.

Even the rich have to work to keep their wealth. Cræsus vainly fought to retain his.

Some men will hang on to others and rise with them, as one might rise with a balloon; but they are mere parasites, and not to be noted.

Some people blow rams' horns, and expect the walls of Jerichos to fall down before them.

Some people lie on their backs and dream that the golden apples of the garden of Hesperides will fall in their mouths. They will not go to fight the dragon who guards them; and they are too lazy to contend with Atlanta in the race—too fearful to beard the Sphinx, or to sail, on unknown seas, for the golden fleece.

There is a large army of lotos eaters, day-dreamers, jacket stuffers, sluggards, platter pepperers, goose caps, fat brains, dizzards, bedlamites, wiggle wagglers, door-mice, chuckle heads, muddle pates, niddy noddies, periwinkles, mum-chances, wind blowers, ghibberoids, bag pipers, glow worms, winnowers, bog trotters, skip jacks, gaberlunzies, ninny hammers, buzzards, bull-calves, dunder heads, nincompoops, ranti-poles, popinjays, jack-a-napes, lubbers, pottle breakers, jack-a-dandies, fiddle faddlers, tongue rattlers, whistlers, panenfladers, and drenching-horns.

Such as these form the mere back ground of humanity and are not, in this connection, subjects of consideration. They are mere anatomical machines.

There is no way of capturing Fortune except by hard work and hard knocks. Begging; praying dreaming, wishing and whistling will not do it. She is not to be

decoyed. She is fleet, changeable, cruel, capricious, deceiving, hard-hearted, insensible. Her smiles encourage but to beguile—her beckonings are meant to delude. You must chase her, perhaps, for a lifetime before she is caught—and knock her in the head before she will yield—and then, perhaps, you will die enfeebled in the struggle—while she flies off, immortal!—laughing at her prey.

The winners in the race must bear a hand, kick up a dust, catch at straws, take time by the forelock, make hay while the sun shines, have a finger in the pie, follow the scent, pull the oar, take stitches in time, put their best leg forward, bear the ups and the downs, rush from pillar to post, take a tow, steal a march, help a lame dog over the stile, row against the stream, beat up recruits, blow the fire, fan the flame, veer with the wind, pass the Rubicon, cling like ivy, get in the harness, go to loggerheads, take up the cudgels, come to the scratch, bell the cat, take the bull by the horns, throw down the gauntlet, swallow kettles of fish and seas of trouble, and hop, run, bounce, lay about, strike home, keep going, velitate, scramble, dash or rush, as the occasion may require :

I have a friend, one Jack Compass, who had an excellent education and very fair ability, and whose ambition was to be prominent and successful.

He had aptitude and energy, industry and pluck—but, he has been traveling around a circle all his life; and now, at forty-five, has subsided into a nonentity.

He has been a “brain scatterer.”

He started with the idea of being a great lawyer.

His application, at first, in the legal line, was assiduous, his ideas lofty, and his efforts marked by increasing success. He was an enthusiast, as well as a laborer. He talked his law at you, at all times and places, and fairly bored one with it.

"Jack will be a shining professional light," thought his friends. "He is a born jurist. The life just suits him."

He subsequently fell in with some lively blades, and the gaiety and jollity of social and convivial life weaned him away from that jealous and exacting mistress, the Law, who will brook no rival.

His studies were neglected, his avocation became distasteful, those who were plodding behind outstripped him, and he left his profession in disgust. Then, as a votary of gay, social life, and a leader in fashionable circles, he squandered nearly a lustrum of his existence.

Suddenly, he thought he had an adaptation for a financial career, and passed his time with schemers and money dreamers.

He was wound around the fingers of experts and sharpers—he thought he could learn, in a few months, what it had taken others years of experience to acquire.

He was cajoled, led away, robbed, and, finally, thrown out of the financial mart—disappointed, humiliated and nearly beggared.

Jack then thought he would try political life. He was a good speaker, and had easy, jovial manners—just the man to succeed.

He, accordingly, joined a political party, and expounded eloquently its lofty principles and patriotic aims.

He attached himself to prominent political figurants, spent money and time, lost a great deal of his self-respect by flattering this man and upholding that man, both of whom he, perhaps, heartily despised, and lost social cast by association with political intriguers. After two or three years of hard service for his party, he thought, of course, that he would secure some distinguished political position.

But somehow or another, Jack was a bad judge of "sinking ships;" he would leave one organization and join another, with an idea that the former was going down when it was really on the eve of full sail to success, and sometimes, Jack's party would leave him, and change its principles just as he was most earnest in his advocacy of them.

He found the great political leaders, too, singularly versatile. They had a sort of Proteus-like tendency, that made them difficult to follow—and he, sometimes, would think he was doing some singular service to a great man when, in fact, he was treading on his toes—and instead of making a friend he was cultivating a political enmity. He found, too, a singular ingratitude in political parties and people.

When his party triumphed he was, somehow, always left out in the cold. Either an unknown man received the coveted honors, or a political enemy was bought over with them.

He never could get at the scent of political bargaining.

There was always something going on, behind the scenes, which he was not let in to know.

Even when his party triumphed and some great man,

whose cause he had espoused, whose interests he had advanced and whose position he had done much to secure—came to the front, the great man, on attaining his reward, became singularly oblivious. The great man thought it more for his true interests to slaughter his friends and curry favor with others. The result was that Jack was always left in the lurch.

To be sure he had his principles left, but, somehow or other, Jack did not fully appreciate them. He found that those of others were generally covers to ambition, or cloaks to fraud.

He lost confidence in his party and its principles, and in abstract as well as political virtue. He found politics was a business like others that had to be learned, and he had begun somewhat too late in life to acquire it.

Literature now beguiled him with her soft eyes and dreamy smile.

“Here is a career of ease and congeniality,” thought he.

“How many have attained success in this delightful way!”

“How many half-brained men and women have achieved name, fame and fortune, by merely writing down their ideas!”

“Any man with my education, and experience of life, can write a successful book!”

I found him one day in his room, radiant over a composition that he had just finished.

He had been fired by reading Shelley’s “Sky Lark,” which had contributed much to make that poet’s fame,

and it seemed an easy thing to Jack, to write something in that style.

"I have taken 'The Eagle,' said he, "it is a higher, nobler subject than a petty sky lark."

"You will observe, too, the more stately measure, in blank verse, that I have adopted."

"I will adopt the same measure for an epic I have sketched out, with the career of Columbus as the theme. One must start, however, I suppose, more quietly, so that the public may get used to you by degrees, and keep craving for more."

"I want to read my "Eagle" to you, Pelican—sit down there, and hear it."

"You would be astonished to know how easy this thing is."

"I take up the subject in its nude state, sketch out the *sub-stratum* and a few incidents, no matter how common place; then work them up into a metaphoric transition, throw in exalted imagery and stately verbiage: and, with the assistance of the poet's great adjunct, Imagination, *presto*, you have your "Eagle" served up in a brilliant ode or sonnet, as the case may be."

"I prefer the ode—it gives you more scope—hang your sonnets—it is dribbling work."

"Listen now—"

"If you don't call this first-class poetry—equal to your Shelleys and your Keats, then you are no judge."

I have kept a copy of Jack's "Eagle." Here it is, and the remarks that took place on his reading it:

"THE EAGLE."

"Bald, time-worn hermit of the blue profound,
That binds in vap'ry wilderness the Earth,
Begirting all its varied thought and life
With awful chasm of immensurate space.
And folding all its murmurings within
A deep, dull pall of silence!"

"There,—Earth surmounting, overhanging—thou !"
Alone, majestic, far from other life ;
Breathing great Nature's essence, where it flows
Fresh from the sources of creative might,
Deep to thy Spirit—'till, impregnate all
With power, and freedom, and a noble rage—
Up—up—th' unfathomed dome
That ever flies thee, and defying space.
E'en in its ancient realms, thou soarest, still,
Like an embodied and immortal hope,
Still, to a goal most infinite.!"

"What do you think of that?" said Jack ; "is there not strength, power and imagination for you? A plain idea, you see, merely the Eagle flying in the air—see how poetry sublimates and carries him into the immensity. You see, I've got the trick of the thing. My imagination was always my *forte*. I make every word tell. Every word *hits*, like a point-blank shot—in fact, there is an idea or metaphor in every word."

"Excellent!—excellent!"—said I ; "you have the real *afflatus*. Go on—I prithee—It beats Shelley."

"Now," said Jack, "I will carry him higher up."

“Revolving, now, in swift recurrent rounds,
And sweeping Heaven with thy feathered might,
Thou quaffest freedom in a wild delight—
Then fiercely, eye to eye—unflinching—stern—
Thou dar’st th’ adult Day-God’s fiery disk—
Who cannot quail nor move thee—
Or pausing—sudden—in superior flight,
Immobile as the steady polar star;
In grim quiescence, thou o’erhang’st sublime,
Like to a wingéd god, surveying far
The groveling earth—to thee a festering ball
’Round which the Sea, a glazéd baldric, shines,
With man but grains of undistinguished dust.”

“Good—good!” said I, as Jack paused to take breath, after roaring out tñe above, with his eyes fixed on the cornice of his room; “but, don’t you think, calling the earth ‘a festering ball’ is rather too strong—rather too much like a cheese?”

“Good gracious!” said Jack, “have you no poetic fervor—it’s not half strong enough—the imagery of that word is the best thing in the poem—it means everything. It’s just what the earth would appear like, to a being a thousand miles off, as the eagle is supposed to be—writhing, twisting, wriggling, with poor, festering humanity.”

“Listen, now—I take the Eagle among the clouds:”

“Child of the clouds! that hail thee from afar;
The sole one thing of life that visits them—
They, joyous. hail thee, with a weeping joy.

And throw their glories 'round thy rugged strength;
Where, all embosomed in their wild embrace,
Thou drinkest from their fierce spirit—
Then revellest amid the fiery play
Of elemental war—the battling winds
The tuneful minstrels that with joy bestir
The tufted power of thy shaggy breast;
And, howling 'neath thy rugous ancient coat,
Tug at thy steel tough sinews—all in vain—
Then join their dreadful music to thy shriek
That pæans wildly o'er the thunder shock—
'Till full of fiery ecstasy and rage,
Soaring to realms above the riot clouds,
Thou spurn'st the throbbing horrors of the storm!"

Tears of sympathetic sublimity with his great subject came into Jack's eyes, as he delivered himself of the above powerful blank verse. His voice, rising *crescendo*, became so loud and piercing, as the eagle mounted higher and higher, that the female servant of his apartment knocked at the door, and finally put her head in, saying,

"Dear, dear—I thought ye was being a hurted, Mr. Compass—dear."

"Away!—you devil!"—roared Jack, as he flung a boot at her astonished head, which was withdrawn suddenly, like a snapping turtle's.

After he had recovered his ideas and equanimity, he thus resumed, in a somewhat lower tone, and with a terrible frown on his disturbed brow:

“Untired, unfearing and aspiring—still—still—
Thou risest—all alone—sublime—!
Beating, with measured stroke, the virgin air,
To the dim regions, where, in gloomy state,
Grim silence—awful—solitary reigns,
Like to a viewless and inactive death,
Doomed to a dull negation—
There, 'mid the horrors of those shoreless seas,
Thou sailest on, in restless pilgrimage,
Feeding on thoughts that thy wild spirit grasps
Forth from the dread sublimity around—
Aspiring, still—as one that climbs to see
Th' untold glories of th' verge of Heaven!”

“Good gracious! you are not going to carry the eagle up to Heaven, are you, Jack?” said I humbly.

“Why not—why not—if I choose to, you poor, prosaic devil, you?” said Jack, glaring like a maniac at me, —“you haven't a thimbleful of poetry in you.”

“Go on—go on—Jack,” said I, deprecatingly—“it's grand!”

He then roared out the rest, concluding with a sort of apotheosis of himself into the clouds, delivered in a plaintive *tremolo*, that showed he felt his great subject to the very marrow:

“King of the air—the free, the boundless air!
And free as air—in all thy gloom and pride,
Thou seem'st incarnate of some spirit doomed
To roam and seek, to seek but never find,
In restless aiming of surmounting thought,

Some bold, dread, stern resolvement ;
 Or else, in gnawing horror of remorse,
 For crime untold, to flee afar from earth—
 Away !—away !—from Earth and Hell !—
 To bathe the quenchless fever of thy guilt
 In the pure coolings of th' innocent air,
 To roam in freedom, and to pour thy woe
 On the dull ear of unrevealing space.
 Lend me thy wings !—give me thy rugged strength !
 And stern resolve, and master spirit all !—
 Let me, too, rise o'er this tumultuous scene—
 For me let all this wearying earth but seem
 Some dim, dull record of dissolvéd dream—
 Away !—away !—from all the troublous thought,
 The ceaseless memories of grief that come,
 In restless surges from the fevered Past,
 And sweep the soul to gloom.
 Let me, too, pierce beyond o'erwhelming clouds,
 And soar away above the earth and them,
 And all the storms that rack defenceless life ;
 To flee, like thee, throughout the realms of air,
 And bathe the spirit in Lethean space—
 There, let me, in her solemn, silent shrine,
 Worship great NATURE and great NATURE'S KING !
 And all forgotten by the World and Time,
Aim for eternal glories—still above !"

After the delivery of the above, Mr. Compass flung himself, exhausted, in an arm-chair, and looked at me with an expression, which plainly said, "Well, sir!—what do you think of *that* ?"

There was nothing for me to do, but, on leaving, to slap him heartily on the back, and exclaim enthusiastically, "Jack, you are a poet!"

"I believe I am," responded he, blandly, shaking me heartily by the hand; "I've got it in me—it's there—and it will come out," said he, violently smiting his chest. "Some day you shall hear my epic."

Soon after this I heard from a mutual friend that the "Eagle" had been sent to a half dozen magazines, but each time had been returned with the terrible printed slip noting that it had been "respectfully declined."

Jack's epic was never finished. He worked for a year at it, but, somehow or other, I understood from the same friend, that the *afflatus* gave out as well as the ideas, at about the third canto; and Jack never got his Columbus further than the middle of the ocean.

Going into a suburban church some years afterwards, one day, while visiting a friend, what was my astonishment to find Jack in a surplice, sitting in the chancel. His whiskers were neatly brushed and he had the proper sacerdotal baldness.

My astonishment was further increased by seeing him, afterwards, mount the pulpit and rattle off a sermon, with a fair degree of unctuousness.

Congratulating him at the finish on his eloquent discourse, he blandly remarked,

"Pelican, I have at last hit *the* right thing—this, my dear boy, gives me pleasant occupation, a peaceful abode, and a calm, holy life; I am surrounded by humble but appreciative friends. I had always a taste for

pulpit oratory. Besides, I am doing a great deal of good—thank God! How do you like my style?—it is the hortatory ”

Six months afterwards, I heard that Jack had given up his church—or rather, it had given him up—it had been sold for debt.

“What sort of a clergyman did Compass make?” said I to my suburban friend, afterwards.

“Queer enough,” responded he; “he became awfully lazy, and he was always too busy drinking tea and playing croquet with the girls, to be of any use. When there was a funeral going on he always sent for the old clergyman of the next village. He was only taken on trial; he wouldn’t have stayed, even if the church had been kept up; how he managed to get into orders I don’t know. I doubt if he had studied for his full time—some said he was only a deacon.”

“Did you hear the row over his great centennial trial sermon? Read this newspaper slip, which I cut out at the time and put in my scrap-book.”

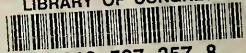
The slip read as follows:

“The Rev. Mr. Compass, formerly of Mongrelia, was called some months since to the St. Lazarus Episcopal Church at Little Fogville, where, last week, he preached a most eloquent centennial sermon, on which he was warmly congratulated by his parishioners. Next day, some one discovered that the sermon had been preached by the Rev. Melancthon W. Smiley, at Potts-

ville, the preceding year, commemorative of the settlement of that thriving town. There is much excitement over the discovery. Mr. Compass denies that there was any plagiarism in the matter."

The last I heard of Jack was, that he was on his way to Montana as one of the Mining Engineers of the "Aladdin Silver Rock Consolidated Mining and Refining Company."

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